

Jardine House (House of a Thousand Orifices), Hong Kong, United Kingdom.

High up on the 49th floor, a group of British investors, joined by their teenage children, sat watching the British military retreat from HMS Tamar with great sadness. Today would be their last day in Asia, as they were leaving by private jet just after midnight. The sky was almost pitch black, any light being covered up by the thick rain clouds that had been dampening the day's ceremonies. Which, by the way, were going spectacularly well.

'Remind me, why do we have to watch all this? Can't we just leave?' asked a boy, roughly 13 years old, wearing a black suit with a green tie. The boy looked exceptionally thin, which is probably why the suit certainly didn't suit him.

A beefy man with huge arms and a broad chest sighed disapprovingly at his son's impatience. 'Son, we have to watch all of this because in a few hours time, Hong Kong will become Chinese.'

The boy rolled his eyes, he knew all of this already. 'But how does this affect US? We are already leaving tonight anyway' he was interrupted by a shout from the front of the room.

'Shut it, Useless!' called another boy, this time with strong, muscular arms and a rather large nose. 'We're trying to watch the soldiers shoot'wait, what are they shooting the sky?' he asked, his large face forming a frown.

'They're saluting the Union Flag, idiot!' shouted an angry female, who had also been trying to watch the ceremony. She was about to say something again, but she was smacked around the back of the head by a third boy; who looked remarkably like herself.

'No, you troll, they are saluting Prince Charles, you know Prince Cha' he was swiftly interrupted with a punch in the face. 'Oww, why would you do that?' he continued muttering under his breath until 'Useless' father's voice boomed.

'Scott, Toby, Rachel! Please shut up!'

'Oh come on Stoick, let them have their fun,' chuckled a second large man, who also had beefy arms and a broad chest. The exception though, is that the man had two realistic artificial limbs. 'It's not as if us watching a military withdrawal is going to make any difference to whether or not we leave.'

Stoick sighed in disappointment again, looking down at his son. 'Hiccup, you realise you're going to need to get used to this sort of thing, right? Because when I be'because

'because when you're elected Member of Parliament for Dartford, I'll need to attend all your important meetings with lobbyists and ministers,' Hiccup finished for his father. He had had this conversation many times before, and it was boring him tremendously. 'You've told me that so many times!'

'Okay...Hiccup, Stoick, sit down and just watch the flags being lowered, okay?' asked Gobber, although he practically forced them both to their seats with the stern look he was giving them. Nobody ever called Hiccup by his real name, Henry; as they thought Hiccup was a lot more amusing. Although only because when Henry gets hiccups...he really gets hiccups.

The group settled down, although tensions could still be felt between father and son. This had been going on for some time, with Hiccup learning to hate his father's position as a British diplomat. Why does his father have to do all this diplomatic stuff, why can't Snotty's parents do it? Oh waitâ€¦|

They do.

1st July 1997

Kai Tak Airport (Hong Kong International Airport), Hong Kong, China.

'Mr Blair, I can assure you that my son meant no harm in what he said. He was just being a bit delusioâ€¦''

'Mr Haddock, your son told Baroness Thatcher that she was a 'retarded, obnoxious cow' for handing over Hong Kong. Not only that, but he said it in front of the President of China!' The man responding was tall and very charismatic, although appeared now to be wanting to tear the man in front of him apart. 'You're lucky you're a Tory, because I'd have you expelled immediately from the Labour Party.'

'I'm sorry, sir,' Stoick looked down at the ground, deeply saddened and disappointed at what his son said. 'I can assure that nothing like that will ever happen again.'

'Well, let's hope it doesn't. I don't want another controversy in the newspapers. Now I think your son owes Baroness Thatcher an apoloâ€¦''

'I would strongly recommend against letting him anywhere near anyone important. At least for now.' Stoick shook hands with the Prime Minister, then grabbed Hiccup's arm as they moved towards their plane.

Hiccup winced in pain, struggling against the force of his father's strong grip. 'Dad! Stop it, please! This is embarrassâ€¦oww!' Hiccup continued to struggle until his father pushed him aside, just before they got onto the aeroplane.

Stoick looked down at his son with a disappointed frown. 'Listen Hiccup, I know you dislike her; but you can't just go and call her aâ€¦''

'â€¦I didn't! It was Snot! He stood behind me and whirled away after he said it,' Hiccup protested, hating the way his father would always blame him. Which was really the truth, Hiccup hadn't called her a cow; but it was assumed that he had because Scott was just so perfect he wouldn't dare do something like that.

'Look Hiccupâ€¦| Let's talk about this when we get home, okay?' Stoick sighed, then patted his son on the back. Ever since his wife, Val, had died; he had become a completely different man. Rather than focusing on his family, he focused on politics. It was his get-out clause.

Hiccup nodded slowly, walking past his father towards the ramp that

led up to their destination. Hiccup noticed Scott and Toby grinning, and he sped up. He knew what was about to come.

'Hey, nice going Useless!' called Snotlout.

'Yeah, she was such a cow, wasn't she?' The pair burst out laughing, along with Rachel; who had been critically following the situation.

'Alright, all of you on the plane!' shouted Gobber, who got his name from being well...gobby. His real name was Gerald, and he was Stoick's best friend and secretary. How he ended up becoming a secretary he'll never know.

After a few more teasing shouts from the other boys, Hiccup, followed by his father; boarded the aeroplane. The rest of the gang were not far behind.

Gobber stood next to Stoick for a moment, leaning over to whisper into his ear. 'At least that Ingerman boy and the Hofferson girl doesn't bully him like that. Maybe it'll get better at home.'

Stoick sighed for what felt like the thousandth time. 'If only Gobber, if only'

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**\*\*Okay&#128| That's the prologue. I spent about an hour writing it, and I haven't proofed it. So if you find any mistakes, please do tell me. Reviews are welcome, as are suggestions. While writing this I've kinda begun to work on what the plot will actually be. One hopes to focus on Hiccup and Stoick's relationship, and of course Toothless. It will be HxA, but it won't be a major part of the story.\*\***

**\*\*See, this is what the Easter Holiday does to you. Bores you senseless until you start writing about Hiccup being in Hong Kong.\*\***

**\*\*In the meantimeâ€¦ Goodbye! \*\***

\* \*-CGJ\* \*

## 2. Chapter 1

\*\*Okay, the first official chapter is up! This of course is still effectively an introduction, but never mind. Thanks to everyone who reviewed the prologue, it inspired me to continue working on this story. I have a basic plan on what I wish to write in the next three chapters.\*\*

**\*\*Note: This story is written in British English and will also be set in the United Kingdom, which has a very different education system to the United States.\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: 'How To Train Your Dragon' is owned by Dreamworks Animation and Cressida Cowell.\*\***



school uniform, and walked away with her fists in balls.

Snotlout looked back down at the table, his face pale. 'I really shouldn't have said that near herâ€|' he muttered.

'So did you go on Her Majesty's Yacht Britannia?' exclaimed Joshua Ingerman, more commonly known as Fishlegs the Shiplegs. He had short light-blond hair and a broad, muscular chest that was the result of years of mixing McDonalds with sailing.

Snotlout glanced up at him, looking very confused. 'What?'

'You knowâ€| The Queen's shipâ€|' Fishlegs immediately began to get nervous, he didn't need two of his friends mad.

'I thought I told you we were at an airport?' Snotlout questioned.

Fishlegs shook his head. 'Uh, no actuallyâ€| You didn't.'

Rachel began laughing, patting Fishlegs on the shoulder. 'Just be quiet Fishy, I'll explain it all later. She grinned slightly, sitting back down when Fishlegs' faced flushed bright pink.

Toby stared at her dumbfounded, scratching his head. 'Fishy? Did you really just call him Fishy?'

'What's it to you, butt elf?' Rachel snapped back.

'Well mayâ€"' Toby was about to retort, but he was interrupted by Snotlout.

'Well, well, well, look who it is! Mr Thatcher is a cow!' Snotlout laughed, pointing his fat finger at Hiccup. Toby and Rachel snickered, while Fishlegs remained silent.

Hiccup looked down at the ground, embarrassed. He really didn't want to deal with them right now, so he sped up away from them; desperately trying to avoid becoming the centre of the entire school's attention.

'Hey you! I'm talking to you!' Snotlout stood up, glaring at Hiccup. Suddenly, all heads in the lunch hall turned their way.

Hiccup looked back at Snotlout, gulping quietly. 'Really? I thought you were talking to your gold fish,' he replied sarcastically.

There was a faint sound of chuckling coming from somewhere in the room, angering Snotlout greatly. 'Don't get sarcastic with me, Hiccy,' he snarled, his fists clenching together tightly

Hiccup backed away, completely losing his appetite. He managed to escape through the opposite door from the one he had just entered, scurrying over to the school library. This had become a common theme recently, more so since they returned to school after the trip to Hong Kong.

As Hiccup pushed his way through the crowds to the library, he bumped into a still-glaring Astrid.

'Oh hi Astrid...Hi Astrid...Hi Astridâ€|' Hiccup stuttered out as he tried to move away from her potential wrath.

Astrid ignored him, making Hiccup release a huge sigh. He hid his face from the rest of the crowd, not that anyone was paying any attention to him, before entering the library.

The library was packed to the brink with students, all wanting access to the limited school computers. They were perhaps the only 'new' thing the school had, and they were one of the only schools to have forked out so much for the multicoloured iMac G3s.

He managed to find a place in the far corner of the library, by the bookshelf with all the old history and geography textbooks. He was studying History, Spanish, Biology, additional Maths and was taking an extracurricular course in Norse Mythology. In addition to all the standard subjects; standard Maths, English, standard Science, Citizenship, RE and PE.

He opened up one of the many old history books, this one focusing on the Weimar Republic and the rise of Adolf Hitler. While modern history wasn't his favourite cup of tea, and Hiccup really loved tea, he still became engrossed in the textbook in front of him.

It wasn't until the bell rang directly above him did he realise lunch was over. He sighed, disappointed with the lack of time he had to read, and slowly trudged outside towards his English class. He didn't really like English, he much preferred mathematics or science where everything was just simple equations and facts. \_Who cares what JB Priestly thought about socialism and capitalism? It's obvious he'd be better off writing his books in China.\_

He sat down in his usual seat, right at the front to the left. Joined on his table was Fishlegs, while on the table to their right was Astrid and another girl, called Camicazi. She also had blond hair, although it was a lot longer than Astrid's. The two appeared to get on reasonably well, aside from their casual debate they have over why the author chose to use blue curtains as opposed to red ones. If anything, Camicazi was probably the only student in all of Berk Grammar School that didn't look down on Hiccup.

'Okay guys, today we're going to be focusing on how JB Priestly used dramatic irony in his book \_An Inspector Calls\_. Who can point out one piece of dramatic irony?'

Fishlegs' arm shot up, nearly punching Hiccup in the face. The teacher immediately looked in his direction. 'He said the uh, the uh...Titanic! He said the Titanic was unsinkable but we knew it wasn't!'

The teacher did this happy-face thing, Hiccup never understood what made her so fascinated in English. He was about to return to focusing on the answers when Fishlegs nudged him with his elbow.

'Hey toothpick?' he whispered, glancing around to make sure no one could actually \_see\_ him talking to Hiccup. 'Did you hear about those wolves?'

Hiccup frowned, what on earth was he on about? Sure, there are plenty of wolves, but not here; not in Britain. 'What are you talking about?'

What wolves?' His voice was just as quiet as Fishlegs' had been.

'On the news this morning, they said that the government are introducing wolves to part of Kent. About 12 miles away from Berkford, near Bogend. They're introducing about 12 of them, weird thing is, they are all black. Or mostly black, anyway.'

Hiccup's frown deepened, why would Fishlegs want to engage with him about wolves? In an English lesson! 'Okay Josh, why are you talking to me about -'

'Hiccup! Fishlegs! Stop talking!' the teacher snapped, followed by a quiet sniggering coming from Snotlout at the back. After a quick apology to the teacher, they started the task that had been set on the board. The two of them remained quiet for the rest of the lesson, and didn't speak to each other for the rest of the day.

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**\*\*Okay, that's chapter 1 done. Hooray!\*\***

**\*\*I've kinda proofread it, although considering this was mostly written at about 4am I haven't really had the willpower to do so.\*\***

**\*\*Thank you to everyone who reviewed and offered suggestions, I hope you like the way the story has started to develop. If not, please say so. Although please offer constructive criticism and not just a direct insult. For others, even if you find the tiniest grammar error, please tell me. And of course, if you have a positive review; please post it! :D\*\***

**\*\*Aside from that, I think I'm done for now. I'll see you again! Sometime soon. Goodbye!\*\***

**\*\*~CGJ\*\***

### 3. Chapter 2

**\*\*Ooh, a second chapter. How fun.\*\***

**\*\*Previously: Hiccup gets framed at Hong Kong, and we get an insight into Hiccup's life at school. We also learned that the government have opened up a temporary zoo for wolves in Kent, less than a few miles away from Berkford.\*\***

**\*\*Note: This story is written in British English and will also be set in the United Kingdom, which has a very different education system to the United States.\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: 'How To Train Your Dragon' is owned by Dreamworks Animation and Cressida Cowell. Kent is a real county, Berkford is not a real town.\*\***

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The Escaped Wolf: Chapter 2



Wednesday 8th September 1999

The big-red curtains were drawn, blocking all light from the bright outdoors. Instead, there was a fire surrounded by a luxurious Victorian fireplace. The carpets were plush, and the walls had a similar grandeur to that of a first-class suite on the Titanic. It was all very traditional, very opulent.

Hiccup's voice sounded stressed and nervous, filtering into a tense atmosphere. 'Look dad, I have to go. I have a project toâ€'

Stoick held up his hand, effectively silencing the boy in front of him. He had a disappointed scowl on his face, and it looked as if Hiccup was going to get another round of mental bashing from his father.

'Hiccupâ€|what is wrong with you?' he asked in a hushed tone, as if someone was listening to their conversation. 'Why can't you be more like us?'

'\_Us?\_ Who is \_us?\_' Hiccup sneered at his father, seething by the fact that he sees his own son as something else; like he was part of another species. He could never understand his father's mentality, you're either one of us, or one of them.

'The people in Westminster, Hiccup!' Stoick's voice rebounded off the walls, creating a loud echo effect. 'Why can't you just have a political mind, like the rest of us?'

Hiccup looked down at the ground, fighting back the urge to try to attack his father. He never would, of course; he just liked to think that he would. 'Dad, look. I have to gâ€'

'And what is it with you and all thisâ€|animal rights crap!' his boomed even louder. 'You need to realise what vermin all these foxes and wolves are.'

'Of course, father,' Hiccup responded sarcastically. 'Because we just walked in and destroyed their natural habitat, while expecting them to just pack up and leave.'

'That's not the point, Hiccup. You know they're trying to bring back wolves! Less than 50 miles away from here!'

'But dad, we exterminated them in the first place!' Hiccup's frustration was becoming quite obvious, he didn't like the way his dad was taking the conversation.

'They killed hundreds of us! Killed our cattle, killed ourâ€' Stoick was about to continue the rant, but was interrupted.

'And we killed \_thousands\_ of them! They had to survive so they did what they could!' Hiccup stood abruptly, ending the conversation. 'Now, I need to go. I'm late for a homework session.'

'With whom?' his father asked, his voice softening slightly.

Hiccup paused, he hadn't been expecting his father to have any interest in his \_school studies\_, which to him were just overpaid

social workers brainwashing children on behalf of the government.  
\_Seriously, why would anyone vote for him?\_

Not getting an answer from his son, he pressed further. 'I asked, with whom?'

Hiccup's eyes dropped to the ground, the carpet suddenly becoming very interesting. 'Astrid,' he mumbled.

'\_Astrid?\_' He asked, suddenly going into deep thought. 'The Hofferson girl that Gobber keeps telling me about?'

Hiccup didn't answer, his father never takes an interest in his life.

Stoick's face lit up, as if he had just won the lottery. 'That's great! Her uncle lives next door to Michael Howard!' Hiccup visibly deflated. \_That's\_ why. 'Good going Hiccup, keep her interested!'

Hiccup stared at him, dumbfounded. 'Dad, you realise she hates me, right?'

'Yes. But you can change that, can't you?' he asked patronisingly.

'No, not reaâ€'

'You will change that, won't you?' Stoick's voice turned harsh, his eyes narrowing. Hiccup was about to protest again, but Stoick's hand silenced him again. 'Promise me.'

'This conversation is feeling very one sidedâ€' Hiccup complained, trying to move away from his father.

'Promise me!' The words painted the walls and painfully rebounded into Hiccup's ears.

'Fineâ€¦' Hiccup relented, exhausted at the small exchange. 'I promise,' he said quietly, although his eyes gave absolutely no indication of him wanting to stick to his words. 'Now I have to leave, I have to meet Astrid.' He didn't give his father time to respond, he didn't want him to respond. He turned on his heel and marched out of the house.

Stoick sat back down in his chair, rubbing his temples thoughtfully. 'Oh Valâ€¦ What am I going to do with him?'

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Hiccup gulped as he stood in front of the Hofferson's house, less than half a mile away from his own. It was modest, a lot smaller than Hiccup's. It was a more tradition Victorian house built around 1868, if the sign on the front is to be believed. The door wasn't made of oak, nor was it surrounded by grand exterior; it was simple. Pleasantly simple.

The residents of the household, not so much. They weren't simple, and they certainly weren't pleasant. First, you had Mr Hofferson. He was

large, burly guy you would often see hanging around pubs and beating people up. Then you had Mrs Hofferson, she was about as manly as her husband; probably more-so. And finallyâ€¦ Astrid. She had an incredibly tough exterior, yet secretly loved animals â€" especially fluffy ones. However, if you ever dared to even try to discover thisâ€¦ You'd die.

Hiccup stood forward, raising his hand towards the doorbell. He could hear some shouting going on inside, and gulped again when he heard his name coming from the young girl's mouth. He pressed the button, which loudly announced his presence at the front door. He heard light footsteps, and backed away as the door swung open.

Astrid stood there, still wearing her school uniform, with an angry frown sprawled across her face. Her fists clenched and began to rise, something Hiccup took as a cue to back-up further. 'Uhâ€¦hi...hi As..hi Astridâ€¦' Hiccup stuttered, shifting uncomfortably under her gaze.

'You're late,' Astrid pointed out, crossing her arms tightly. 'Why are you late?'

Hiccup stuttered again, this time nothing audible coming out of his mouth. Astrid, who didn't have time for people she called 'bozos', had already lost patience with him. She stood forward threateningly, her eyes boring into his.

'Do you even care about the project, Hiccup?' Astrid asked impatiently, watching him continue to shuffle backwards towards the road.

'Yes...uh...yes,' he whispered, trying to sound as convincing as possible. It wasn't working.

The problem all started when their English teacher decided that she would give them some pair work to carry out. But, unlike what usually happens, she chose the pairs. Fishlegs was told to go with Snotlout, Camicazi had the displeasure of having to listen to Tuffnut all week, but most importantly; Astrid had the utmost displeasure of being required to work with Hiccup. \_Hiccup.\_

Sure, she knew he was smart â€" everyone did. He always got A\*s in Maths, Science and History results, and \_always\_ finished English with an A. But he was a socially nonexistent. He didn't like football, or any sport for that matter, and he was more interested in wildlife restoration than getting girls. \_That\_ was Hiccup's problem.

Astrid had been infuriated when she had been partnered with him, it was not like she hated him, she just didn't like him. Not only that, but it wasn't really socially acceptable to be seen hanging around with Hiccup; even if it is just to do some schoolwork. So she had decided that she wasn't going to take any nonsense from Hiccup, if he was late, or if he didn't show any interest in the project, she would do the project herself.

'Is this some kind of a joke to you?' she growled, stepping forward onto her pathway; forcing Hiccup to move backwards further. 'We have a project due in tomorrow about Socialism and Capitalism and you're late?'

'I'm...sorry Astrid I justâ€" Hiccup tried reasoning with her, but she wasn't going to listen to him. This situation certainly reminded him of the one had with his father just a few minutes prior.

'No excuses, Hiccup. I told you yesterday that when you came to work with me on this, you had be on time. It's Tuesday and the project is due tomorrow, which means we have like \_3 hours\_ before my dad would kick you out,' she informed him. 'So, considering how much of a blabbering buffoon you areâ€¦I'm going to do it on my own.'

Hiccup didn't like that, much like he did with his father, he responded harshly. 'Why? Are you afraid that I'll cramp your style?' He regretted those words almost as soon as they left his mouth, and he began looking around frantically. He needed an escape route.

Astrid's eyes widened, who was he to talk to her like that? 'What did you just say?' she asked in a quiet, deadly voice. After a few seconds, she realised that she was not going to get an answer out of him; so she just sighed tiredly. 'Look Hiccup, I don't care what you do. Just let me finish the project, okay?'

Hiccup nodded slowly, disappointed that he wasn't going to get the chance to work with Astrid. Who, even though she almost completely disregarded him, was the girl he had an extreme crush on. Without uttering a word, he turned and trudged out of her front garden. Leaving a very annoyed Astrid at her doorstep.

After a few seconds of staring at him, she turned and made her way back into the house. She sat down on her sofa and opened up her English book. \_Right, now how does this book teach me about socialism and capitalism?\_

As her mind swirled around with potential answers, the telly was suddenly turned up. Her father, Mr Hofferson, had obviously found something that was very interesting. She glanced up, and almost gasped at the headline.

Wolf escapes temporary zoo in Kent.

What worried her more, however, was what the reporter was actually saying. 'The latest police report states that they believe the wolf is lurking around the area of Berkford. Kent Police are on high alert and are advising people to keep their pets indoors at all times.'

Astrid stared at the screen, her mouth gaped open. 'Oh my God, a wolfâ€¦!' There were no words to comprehend how she was feeling, so she just said the one word that came into her head. 'Cool!' She got up and ran to the phone, ready to spread the news.

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So that's another chapter done! Thanks to everyone for their reviews, I hope you can keep them coming. I wrote this while I was supposed to be doing my English homework. Le gasp! And I hope I didn't make these guys too OOC, especially Hiccup. I wasn't really sure how to write Hiccup. Review and tell me what you think.



busy. '

Spitelout stood in deep thought for a few moments. 'But wolves move at night. And this area is like a ghost-town at night. We're not in inner-city London where the streets are always pretty busy. We are in Berkford.' He grinned slightly, remembering where the police officer had previously said come from. 'Must be the most exciting thing that's ever happened to you since transferring from the Metropolitan Police.'

The officer rolled his eyes, staring again at the forest. 'We really should have people actively searching for this wolf everywhere possible. We're putting people at risk by going this. Not only that, but we're endangering other wildlife. Especially considering the traps Kent Police bought last year have this weird delay that makes them snap late.'

Spitelout nodded in understanding, turning around to walk towards his car. 'Wellâ€¦ I'll see you in the morning tomorrow, hopefully with those signs.' He glanced up to see the officer making his way to the school buildings, giving him the thumbs up. Although his face showed deep signs of concern.

Finding this wolf was probably going to take some time.

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The grand hall was restless. Well...okay, not so grand. It was more of a simple, not so elegant assembly hall; with half the lights not working and the other half filled with dead flies. The curtains to hide the lack of stage equipment at the front looked old and were riddled with moth holes and small tears. The students that filled the small green chairs buzzed with excitement.

'Now remember, the school field and the forest areas are now out of bounds. If you see any signs of a wolf, report it immediately to a teacher. Alternatively, if no teacher is around, scream as loud as you can and hopefully we'll be able to arrive in time to give your remains to your parents. Have a great day!' the principal finished, smiling happily at the students and staff before her.

There was a loud gasp from the staff, before they began laughing. It was quite apparent though, by the look on their faces, that they were quite worried about a wolf being loose near the school grounds. The students however, after initially staring in shock at what the principal had said, still looked excited at the prospect of there being a wolf near school. They all stood up hurriedly, making their way to form the notorious Berkford Academy scrum by the main exit.

'\_One of FOUR main exits,\_' Hiccup muttered quietly, exiting through one of the lesser-used doors. Unlike most assembly halls, the one at Berkford Academy stood alone, meaning all doors led outside. Hiccup had learned quickly to use one of the other exits and wait for the crowd to lessen. His first experience of the scrum was not pleasant.

So, it was official. Astrid went from disliking him to hating his guts, and now there was a great chance of getting eaten by a wolf.

'At least no one would care,'\_ he thought sadly, then an idea sprung to mind. 'What if I could it?' he asked himself, 'What if I caught the wolf? I would become awesome!'

'Shut it, loser,' his cousin, Snotlout, sneered. Toby and Rachel Thorston, or Ruffnut and Tuffnut to most, smirked at him. Astrid glared at Snotlout, she was never a real fan of bullying. But she did find Hiccup's 'shenanigans', as she liked to put it, highly annoying. Fishlegs was the only one there that looked indifferent, he was simply staring at the floor like usual. Hiccup often wondered if he and Fishlegs had more in common than met the eye.

Hiccup looked away, trying to move away faster. He glanced back, noticing that the others had not followed. Instead, their focus had moved onto matters discussed, or dictated to, in assembly. It was then he noticed that Astrid had black bags under her eyes, apparently Snotlout had been trying to talk to her all night. '\_Bet she enjoyed that,'\_ he thought. He looked away from the group, resuming his slower-pace towards the auditorium.

'I wanna give it some serious burns!' Ruffnut declared, smirking as she glanced to her brother, who nodded in agreement. She and her brother continued walking towards the auditorium, talking about how they would find the wolf and kill it. The discussion led to the usual bickering between the twins, who were arguing over who would capture and kill the dragon first.

'Meh, it's only fun if you get a scar out of it,' Astrid said nonchalantly, flicking her hair behind her shoulders. She glanced Fishlegs, who looked like he was contemplating someone. 'Hey Fishy, what's up?'

Fishlegs looked up from his food, which he had just placed down onto the table, and smiled sheepishly. 'I was just thinking about how fast it is compared to us...it must have like...+15 speed!' Fishlegs seemed to beam at his statement, proud of his large pool of factual knowledge.

At that moment Snotlout stuck out his leg from under the table. Hiccup had only a moment to move his legs out of the way, stumbling and spilling his drink in the process. He growled and muttered under his breath, straightening his plate and cutlery on his tray. Before he could move away again, Snotlout spoke.

'Hey useless? You know that wolf? I hope you don't find it. I hope it finds you €" we'll all be better off if it eats you!' he laughed loudly, turning to Ruffnut and Tuffnut who joined in with him. Astrid had a smirk on her face, which was quickly dropped when she saw the hurt in Hiccup's eyes. She glanced down at her plate, suddenly ashamed of herself. Hiccup had stared at Astrid for a few seconds, noticing her avoid his gaze. He glanced back down at his food, and moved away from the snickering group.

As Hiccup moved away, he began contemplating what Snotlout had said. '\_What if it would be better if the wolf ate me? Would anyone actually miss me?\_' He quickly shook his head, shaking the thoughts out of it. Of course people would miss him...surely someone, somewhere...in fact, the more he thought about it, the less certain he had become.





the ground. It waited for Hiccup to strike the blow that would end its life. And waited...and waited.

The wolf heard Hiccup move back, the knife in his hand falling to the ground. 'I did thisâ€¦' he whispered. He hadn't, but he was sure the wolf had heard him and followed him out of his den. This would have led to it getting caught in the trap...if only he could do something about it.

He paused, realising that he could do something to save the wolf. His eyes widened, and he stepped forward. The wolf whimpered, finally thinking its end was here. Until a sharp pain came from its captured tail. Its eyes opened and it frantically moved its head around to see the damage. That was when it locked eyes with Hiccup, who's body now shook with fear.

The wolf snarled angrily, pacing forward and pouncing on the young boy, causing him to yelp and topped onto his back. The wolf continued snarling at him, ready to bite into his neck for trying to kill him. Slowly, however, the anger in the wolf began to subside. It realised that the boy's eyes looked almost identical to his own just seconds before. Wide with fear, begging for relief.

The wolf reared its head back, and snapped its jaw at Hiccup's face. It turned and ran off, bumping into forest obstacles while coating the the ground red with its blood.

Hiccup stared after it, his chest heaving deeply with every breath he took. He lifted himself up from the floor, standing unsteadily and walking precariously towards the tree line. He looked up at the sky and thanked God, well, he thanked every god he could think of, for keeping him alive.

Hiccup spent the next 15 minutes searching the fences for any gaps. He soon found one, and slipped out. From there, he walked home as fast as he could, not wanting to look at another person for the rest of the day. He couldn't, not only because he was just...not in the mood, but he had wolf blood splatted over his hands, arms and stomach.

Hiccup turned the key for his house, opening the door and immediately stripping down to his boxers. He dumped his clothes in the bin, removing any items of interest beforehand; then slowly made his way upstairs to his rather large bedroom. He was absolutely exhausted, and it showed. Almost as soon as his head hit the pillow, Hiccup fell into a deep sleep.

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**\*\*So...that was chapter three. I'd like to quickly wish Her Majesty, the Queen a very happy Diamond Jubilee, and I hope everyone is enjoying the London 2012 Olympic and Paralympic Games.\*\***

\*\*Now, onto more pressing matters. Did everyone manage to see  
 \*\*\_\*\*Dragons: Riders of Berk\*\*\_\*\*? I hope so â€" it was awesome.  
 Although, replacing a Scottish actor with an American? \*\*\_\*\*Come on  
 guuuys!\*\*\_\*\*Stoick and Gobber did NOT sound like Gerald Butler and  
 Craig Ferguson. Either way, I decided to release this now, hoping  
 that the series' 'preview' on Cartoon Network would stir up some

interest in HTTYD fanfics.\*\*

\*\*Anyway, thanks for reading this chapter. It took me about four hours to write, including my procrastination time, and I haven't proof-read it. Oh " and it's currently 4:15am! :) If you find any mistakes, please tell me. And don't be afraid to review!\*\*

-CGJ

## 5. Chapter 4

\*\*Okay, so another chapter. I won't be writing a 'previously' as I only posted the update the other day. Look closely at the dates of the events in both the last chapter, and in this one. And keep a check on the time.\*\*

\*\*A big shout out to EquinoxKnight01, Roamerfromaofw and blazelight790, who reviewed my last chapter. Thanks guys!\*\*

\*\*Note: This story is written in British English and is also set in the United Kingdom, which has a very different education system to the United States.\*\*

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The Escaped Wolf: Chapter 4

\_Thursday 9th September 1999\_

Jeremy 'Spitelout' Jorgenson walked quickly along Heath Lane, making his way to Berkford Academy with the \_'DANGER: Animals Traps'\_ sign. He would have brought his van, but he thought that he needed a good walk. He also only had three signs with him, as the rest would be arriving the next day. His eyes glanced skyward, thinking about what his wife had told him earlier.

A smile found its way to his mouth, and he gained an extra stride in his step. He wanted to get to the school and tell Snotlout the good news. \_'We're having another baby!' \_He giggled out-loud, unable to contain his excitement. He crossed the road and made his way through a well-known short cut. It was only about 40 feet long, but it was by far the most common route used by both students and residents.

He checked his watch when he was about half-way through, just as two lanky figures made their way towards him. He smiled and nodded to them in greeting, not noticing the knife in one of the figures' hand. As he passed them, he felt a sharp, but blunt, pain to his lower-abdomen.

He frowned and glanced down, and that was when he fell to his knees, dropping the signs that were being held up in his arms. His hands travelled downwards, touching the penetrated flesh. His eyes widened, as an excruciating pain tore through his body. His other hand

travelled to his trouser pocket and pulled out his Nokia 5210, he dialled \_999\_ as and tenderly placed the phone to his ear.

'\_Emergency, which service'\_ the operator asked calmly, almost as soon as he had put the phone to his ear.

'A-a-ambulance' Spitelout whispered, his voice barely audible. He was losing a lot of blood, and he wouldn't be able to stay conscious for long.

The phone was redirected through, and now another man spoke.  
'Ambulance service, what is your emergency?'

'I...I've been stabbed...in the stomach,' he coughed loudly, spitting out some blood. 'I'm in the shortcut between...Heath Lane and Common Lane' He dropped the phone and slumped forward, the last thing he saw was his watch, reading the time \_2:15pm\_. A lone tear fell from his eye as he gradually lost consciousness.

~~~~~

\_I stumbled through the trees of the school's forest, assuming that the wolf would be nearby. I'm not sure why I assumed this, as the wolf's last spotting was over two road crossings away. I mean, the wolf had only been sighted \_near \_the school.\_

\_I glanced down at my left hand, the one that held the knife I picked up from the school canteen. It was blunt, but at least it would protect me. In my other hand I held a small notebook, there it had a map of the forest and possible den sites. I glanced down at my map, sighing as I realised I'd passed every known den, plus even a few more. \_

'\_Damn it' I whispered, 'I'm never going to find that wolf' a loud snap and pained whimper made me pause. I gripped my knife harder, I could feel my knuckled turning white. My breathing became deeper and faster, as I slowly began to turn. My eyes widened as I saw what had made the noise. It was the wolf.\_

\_The wolf curled around itself, trying to reach its tail. Loud whimpers being emitted from deep within its throat. I ducked behind a boulder, peering around nervously at the wolf. Then I saw it. A large trap, caught around the base of its tail, rather than its leg.\_

\_My eyes widened further, and I began to stare at the wolf. It was a magnificent beast. He had large, broad shoulders and a thick, muscled body. Its head was mostly round, which I thought was rather uncommon, and it had these piercing green eyes, also very uncommon'wait...those eyes...they're staring at me.\_

\_I gulped, my hands shaking. I dropped my notebook and stood up. The wolf growled at me, but I ignored him. I raised my knife and pointed it towards the jet-black wolf. It snarled, trying to stand; whimpering as the pain from its tail ripped through its body like a wildfire. \_

\_My knife glistened as I raised it above my head. 'You're stuck,' I growled, gripping the knife firmly with both hands. 'I'm gonna kill

you. I'm gonna cut out your heart and show it to the world. \_I \_am the one who'll kill you! Not Snotlout, not Astrid.\_ Me.\_' \_The anger, the hate, the need to stop the outrageous bullying that I was subjected to every day. It would all stop...after this, it would all stop.\_

\_The wolf whimpered as I glanced down at it, I noticed the pained expression it was giving me, which mirrored my own. But its eyes...its eyes were so full of fear. I can't believe it. He's me. I stared at it, a determined look plastered over my face, it stared at me, pain and fear written across its own. The wolf closed its eyes, and resigned itself to its fate. It waited for Hiccup to strike the blow. And waited...and waited.\_

\_I moved back, the knife in my hand falling to the ground. 'I did thisâ€|' I whispered. I led him towards me, I made him get his foot caught...it was all my fault. If only I could do something.\_

\_My eyes widened again, when I realised I could. I stepped forward, the wolf in front of me whimpering. I reached down and put my hands around the trap. Quickly, I pulled it apart, the mechanism breaking. The wolf's eyes opened suddenly, and his head moved towards its tail. That's when we locked eyes again. Oh god...he was going to kill me.\_

\_The wolf snarled angrily, making his way towards me. I tried to back up, but the wolf pounced on me. I tried to scream for help, but nothing left my mouth. It was the end. The wolf's large jaws opened and I stared, for just a moment, into those powerful green orbs. Just before the jaws came down on my neck, the world went white.\_

Hiccup gasped loudly and sat up. He was breathing heavily, and he noticed that he was drenched in sweat. 'Oh god...it was just a nightmare' he whispered. Rubbing his temples with his hand. He glanced at his clock, realising that it was 2:20pm, and that he was going to miss his last class, English. He didn't really want to go to English, but he was not going to let Astrid get even more annoyed at him.

Hiccup jumped out of bed and ran for the bathroom. \_How could I have overslept for that long?\_ He went to wash his face when he noticed blood on his chin, he frowned. 'Must've had a nose bleedâ€¦' He quickly washed the blood off his face and quickly to put on a fresh uniform.

Before he set off, he paused; leaning against his sideboard for support. He thought about the wolf, and its large green eyes. 'It was just a dream, Hiccupâ€¦' he reassured himself. 'It was just a dream.' He stood up straight again, grabbed his bag, and opened the door.

As he made his way to school, he noticed an ambulance and a number of police cars driving past his private drive, along Common Lane. He frowned, wondering what was going on. 'Maybe they found theâ€" he paused, images of the those eyes. Those big, green eyes. He shook his head. 'No, that didn't happen.'

He shook his head, clearing all thoughts, and made his way back into school.

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The last lesson of school seemed to drag on forever. All Hiccup could think about were the eyes of the wolf. How stunning and enticing they were. His exhaustion from earlier had faded, not that he could remember it why he was exhausted in the first place. He still had himself convinced that it had only been a dream.

When the teacher reminded them that they had only a day to go until their Heroes project was complete, Astrid huffed in annoyance. 'That means I have to go home with Hiccupâ€|' She glanced to her left, watching blue lights flashing in the distance. By the time her attention had returned to the classroom, the teacher was already telling them to pack up and go home.

'Remember guys, keep a look out for the wolf. If you see it, scream at the top of yourâ€" the teacher was interrupted, as a man wearing a senior police uniform entered the classroom.

'Afternoon, ma'am. Is Scott Jorgenson around? Goes by the name of Snotlout, apparently.' His voice was soft, but could quite easily become stern. It sounded more like a Welsh city accent more than anything.

Snotlout stood up. 'I...I'm here...am I in trouble?' he asked, slowly making his way towards the police officer. He looked quite nervous, and began playing with his fingers behind his back.

'No, Mr Jorgenson, it is a lot more serious than that. We will need to go to the hospital.' Snotlout's eyes widened, and he quickly followed the police officer out of the classroom; desperate to know more.

The room was silent for a few moments, before the teacher finally broke the silence. 'Uh, okay guys. I think...I think you can go home now.'

Everyone in the room stood up, and slowly made their way to the door. Just before Hiccup could slip though, a soft hand planted itself on his shoulder and pulled him back roughly. Hiccup turned to see who was pulling him back, and gulped when he saw it was Astrid.

'Oh, hi Astridâ€|' he muttered quietly, immediately looking down at the floor.

'Hiccup, we need to finish the project,' she informed him, crossing her arms and giving him an inquisitive stare. 'It's nearly done, just...I think the teacher will work out that it was just my workâ€|' That wasn't the real reason she wanted his help, she knew that Hiccup was one of the smartest kids in the class, and she also knew that they would get a much higher grade with his input.

Without anything else to do that day, Hiccup agreed, and the two of them made their way to Astrid's house. Luckily for them, her house was on the opposite end of Common Lane, meaning that the commotion happening with the incident would not affect their journey. It took them about half an hour, meaning that they got there for about 4pm.

Astrid sat in front of Hiccup, her fingers impatiently tapping her dining room table as they stared down at their...her almost-completed

assignment. She glanced up at Hiccup and pushed the paper towards him. 'Here, I've done it, but it just seemsâ€¦' Astrid struggled to find the right word.

'Lame?' Hiccup offered, and instinctively winced from an expected blow. It never came, instead, Astrid was nodding her head in agreement.

'Yeah, I feel like it's missing something. You know? Like a crucial fact or detailâ€¦'

Hiccup stared at the word before him. It was good, in fact it was really good. But it did seem to lack something. Something that would put an edge on it. After a few minutes, he looked up and smiled.

'No mention of how Nicole would have been shunned by the public if she had told police that Larry LaSalle, the hero of the day, had raped her. Even if she had been supported by Francis, he would have been asked why he didn't do something.' He passed the work back to Astrid, who began scribbling down the notes for her to add to her next copy.

It was at that moment he realised that her work had been typed. 'Hey Astrid, what computer do you have?' he asked. The answer he received was quite unexpected. Astrid stood up and pulled his arm, dragging him into what appeared to be a very small study.

Centred in the middle of the room was a brand new, iMac G3. Astrid made this weird giggling noise. 'It's a Mac! Daddy's company gave it to him as he produces posters and stuff. But honestly...this thing is a complete work of art. It's beautiful!'

Hiccup smiled, nodding in agreement, until he felt himself being pushed up against the wall. He looked down in fear as Astrid stood there, almost snarling at him. He tried stepping back, only to realise he was already as far back as he could go. 'A...Astrid?' he asked, the voice almost cracking into a sob. While Astrid had never actually done anything personally to Hiccup that hurt him, she still had a strong reputation for being people up. Oh, and she hung out with the people who did bully him.

'Promise me you won't tell a soul what I just said,' she ordered, her eyes narrowing at the smaller boy in front of her.

'I...I promise...I won't s..say a thing! I wasn't...I wasn't planning to!' Hiccup felt so small, so weak. One minute ago Astrid had been fawning over her computer, now she was pressing him against the wall. And not in the way that he wanted her to.

It was no secret, Hiccup had an absolutely deep infatuation with her. Ever since they first met, he had never looked at another girl like he looked at Astrid. While he wasn't as bad as he was in year 7, he could still end up becoming a blubbering mess in front of her.

'Go home,' Astrid's voice suddenly brought him back to reality.

'Huh?' he responded dumbly.

'I said go home, you've told me what I wanted to know; so you can go

now,' Astrid was beginning to look quite impatient again.

'Bu...but what about the pr...project?' he stuttered out, his feet dragging themselves towards the exit

'I'll do it, you've told me what I needed to know. Now go!' she barked, which caused Hiccup to jump slightly. He picked up his bag, said a very quick goodbye, and scurried out the door.

Astrid sighed, leaning back against the wall. While she still found Hiccup rather annoying, he was still quite useful and even rather considerate. He seemed to agree with me about the iMac, I wonder if he likes dogs too. Her lips formed a smirk. Perhaps he'd like a wolf.

Astrid shook her head, not really understanding why she was still smiling. She glanced at the dining room table, and went over to pick up their homework. She pulled away, she glanced at their television. The headline read:

MAN STABBED IN KENT TOWN

She thought that was rather unusual, but when she saw the area the helicopter was hovering over, it made her stomach drop. Her thoughts almost immediately fell to Hiccup, and she secretly hoped that he would make it home safe. She reached for the remote to turn the television up, and gasped when she saw a photograph of Hiccup in a bloodstained uniform. Her mouth opened silently as she heard what the news reporter was saying.

\_'Police officers believe that this man, expected to be around 15 years old, is responsible for the attempted murder of Jeremy Jorgenson. If any member of the public sees him, they say that you should not approach him, and call 999 immediately.'\_

Astrid shook her head. She had just been with Hiccup. He had just walked out of the door. Hiccup couldn't murder somebody...he's...well...\_Hiccup\_. She scratched her chin, then her thoughts immediately switched to Snotlout. 'Oh, god. THAT'S why Snotlout was pulled out of class. God I hope he's okay...'

Reaching down, she placed their homework on the table, grabbed her keys, and ran out after Hiccup. He had to know. She didn't know the quickest route there, but she worked out that she could get there in about half an hour if she took the long route to get there.

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It took Hiccup about 40 minutes to get home, and when he did finally get there, he felt a wave of exhaustion come over him. 'Must be lack of sleepâ€¦' he muttered, walking over to the sideboard and placing his bag on it. He thought about his meeting with Astrid, and how she thought that his input was necessary on their project.

'Maybe she likes me,' he chuckled, blushing to himself at the mere thought of it.

He slowly made his way upstairs, hanging his blazer and tie up on his bedroom door. He was about to start getting undressed when there was





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arrested.**
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**\*\*A big shout out to EquinoxKnight01, Roamerfromaofw, Francesva and blazelight790, who reviewed my last chapter. Thanks guys! (A special shout out to Francesva who has offered to make the cover-art for the story â€" thank you!)\*\***

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## The Escaped Wolf: Chapter 5

\_Friday 10th September 1999\_

Hiccup sat on a hard wooden chair, his arms resting on a light-blue table. It had been 19 hours since his arrest, but they had yet to charge him. The cell they had placed him in was hard, cold and lifeless. He had been fed, but the food was horrible; it was like eating cat food. Not that Hiccup had ever eaten cat food.

He had to surrender everything he had, mainly a pencil sharpener, a pen, an eraser, a can of Coca-Cola and everything he took home from Astrid's. He was, however, allowed to keep his carton of apple juice, a single pencil, an English book (for writing notes). Oh, and his copy of *On the Origin of Species* by Charles Darwin. He had yet to be questioned.

Hiccup had been sitting in this room, small with a tiny window and only a single light, for over half an hour. He glanced at the mirror that took up half of the wall to his left, he knew it was a one-way mirror, which meant he didn't know if anyone was watching him or not. The door opened slowly, and revealed the huge figure of Stoick, his father.

Hiccup stood up and smiled, relieved. But as Stoick's eyes met Hiccup's, the smile dropped from his face and he sat down quickly. 'Hiccup!' he muttered.

Stoick sat down opposite him, not entirely sure what to say. It felt like hours, Hiccup wished it had been hours, before Stoick's fist slammed the table. Stoick made this animal-like growl, that came from deep within his throat. 'Why Hiccup? Why did you try to kill my brother!' he yelled, making Hiccup jump in surprise.

'Dad, I promise you...I didn't do anything to Uncle Spitelout! I was sleeping!' Hiccup protested his innocence, but it fell on deaf ears.

'Hiccup,' Stoick's voice was low, and very, very dangerous, 'There is CCTV evidence of you walking home covered in blood.'

'It wasn't Spitelout's bloodâ€' Hiccup grumbled.

'Yes it was,' Stoick growled. 'He was stabbed, and you stabbed him.'

'Dad, I promise you: It wasn't me. The CCTV...it wasn't timed!' Hiccup began thinking about how he could convince his father. 'It could have been earlier!'

His father raised an inquisitive eyebrow. 'Really, Hiccup? Then who did the blood belong to? Because there were no cuts on your body, at all.'

Hiccup sighed, he genuinely didn't know who, or what, the blood belonged to. All he remembers from that day is leaving school, and then having the nightmare about meeting a wolf. The wolf.

'See, I knew it,' Stoick sighed sadly. 'You went downhill after your mother diedâ€|'

Hiccup's eyes widened, and he looked up at his father. 'You...you've got to listen to me dadâ€|please...I didn't do it.' Hiccup almost whimpered, watching as Stoick's glare returned. 'Dad, for once in your life, would you please listen to me!'

Stoick stood abruptly, and stared down at the 15 year-old in front of him. 'You've thrown yourself in prison. You're not a Haddock. You're not my son.' And with that, Stoick turned and left. Leaving a teary-eyed Hiccup to collapse back into his chair.

Hiccup couldn't believe it. His father had disowned him, like he was nothing. He was still coming to terms with what his father had said, before two people walked into the room. The first, a blond-haired woman, looked like she could kill. The second, a man who looked like a lawyer, carried his bloodstained clothes in a plastic bag.

The bag was placed on the table, and the man stood back. The woman, on other hand, sat down and stared at Hiccup for a moments. Her hand extended out, revealing a tape recorder. He remembered her from before, she had sat down with him about 12 hours ago, and had asked him if he wanted legal advice; to which he stubbornly said no.

The superintendent pressed the record button, and set it on the table. It was a double-taped recorder, one would be given to him, one would be retained by the police. 'Recording start of suspect Henry Haddock at twelve thirty on the thirteenth day of the ninth month of the year nineteen hundred and ninety-nine. Master Haddock, I'm superintendent Mitchell. Can you confirm that you have rejected legal advice?'

Hiccup looked up, a half-defiant, half-dejected look in his eyes. 'Yes.'

'Do you wish to seek legal advice now?'

Hiccup's eyes fell to the table again. 'No, ma'am.'

'Master Haddock, where were you at 2:15pm yesterday?' she asked, her voice sounding a lot softer than just a second ago.

'I was at home, sleeping,' Hiccup replied. He remembered that he had

awoken at around 2:20, after that nightmare.

'Really? Then how come you arrived at school at 2:30 for your final lesson?'

'I thinkâ€¦ I think I woke up at around 2:20. I was having a nightmare, ma'am.'

She raised an unimpressed eyebrow. 'You were having a nightmare, were you? Was it about stabbing your uncle?'

Hiccup shook his head. 'No ma'am, it was about the wolf killing me...actually.'

She frowned, then glanced down. 'And how do you explain these bloodstained clothes?'

Hiccup looked down at them, thinking deeply. How did I get blood over my uniform? He thought, his face forming a scowl. 'I can't, ma'am.'

She nodded, leaving a few seconds silence. 'At what time did you leave the school premises?'

Hiccup thought for a moment, before saying, 'At about 1:45...after I had finished my lunch.'

The superintendent nodded thoughtfully. 'We have a report from the school kitchen that a student blunt-knife has gone missing. Can you say whether you took a knife from the kitchen?'

Hiccup paused for a moment, before nodding. 'Yes ma'am, I did take one of the school's knives. But, it was blunt.'

She nodded. 'And where did you go after that?' she asked.

Hiccup thought for a long time, before finally responding. 'I went to the forrest, the school one, to see if I could find the wolf. Then all I remember after that is having a nightmare about meeting the wolf...and him killing me. That's when I woke up.'

The superintendent smiled, almost giving him an evil grin. 'Well, Master Haddock. We believe that you, when you left school, went into and then out of the forest. You then crossed Common Lane to make your way to Heath Leane. At 2:15pm, you stabbed Mr Haddock and returned home, as it was nearby. You dumped your clothes in the bin, washed yourself down and got dressed in another uniform, and returned to school at 2:30. Didn't you, Master Haddock?'

Hiccup glared at her, slamming his fist and breaking down. 'No! I didn't stab him!'

'You tried to murder your uncle, didn't you?'

'No!' Hiccup let out a yell that could almost be described as a scream.

The superintendent looked unfazed. 'Master Henry Charles Haddock, we are charging you with the attempted murder of Jeremy Jorgenson on Thursday, 9th September 1999.'

Hiccup's eyes widened, and he shook his head in disbelief. 'No...you can't...I didn't do it!'

The superintendent stood up, and the police officer picked up the evidence. 'We have sufficient evidence for your attempted murder charge. Do you have any questions?'

Hiccup stared at her for a brief, few seconds. He wanted to ask if he could return home, but thought about how his father would react to him returning. He wouldn't even want me. 'Noâ€|'

She nodded. 'As we believe you are a threat to others, we will not be granting you bail. This means that you must wait until Monday to seek bail from the Berkford Magistrates Court. Until then, you will remain here. As it seems your father has left, is there anyone you would like us to contact?

Hiccup thought for a moment, before nodding.  
'Yes.'

â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"

Monday 13th September 1999

The hall was silent. Nobody knew what to say, or what to do. Everyone knew Hiccup. The scrawny little 15 year-old that everyone seemed to pick on. He was such an easy target, and he did nothing about it. To think that this...kid...had tried to kill someone, let alone his own uncle, was just too much to comprehend.

Inside the hall was everyone from year 9 up to year 11, with Hiccup being in year 10. The school, nor the police, wanted rumours being distributed through the school, and out to the press. In fact, the rumours began just before they left school on Friday. Apparently, Hiccup's murder trial was going to take place today, because everyone knows murder trials take place in a magistrates' court.

'As someâ€" the principal paused, 'All of you know, Hiccup Haddock has been accused of murdering his uncle...and some people have been saying that is murder trial is today.' She looked at the faces of the students in front of her. Never in her career had she seen these students more interested in what she was saying. 'It's not,' he confirmed.

Fishlegs raised his hand slowly, and spoke quietly. 'Why is he in court today?'

The principal smiled, clasping her hands together. 'You see, everyone...the police believe Hiccup is a threat to the general public. Sniggers filtered through the room from the back. 'Exactly. That means the police won't give him bail, so Hiccup is currently at the magistrates court, hoping to get bail.'

Fishlegs nodded, his gaze lowering to the chair in front of him. Snotlout was looking upset, but unlike Fishlegs he just spoke right out. 'Do you think he did it?' he asked.

The teacher stared at him for a few minutes, before replying with, 'Personally...no. I don't think Hiccup would...do that.'

A murmur of agreement spread across the hall, it was inconceivable that what he was being accused of was true.

It was a smaller girl near the front who spoke out this time. 'If he gets bail, will he come back?' she asked softly.

The principal thought for a long time, before shrugging. 'I don't know. You see, when you're on bail you have certain...conditions. Hiccup can only come back if they allow him to. But if he does, I want everyone to be as supportive as possible. Especially those in year 10.'

Once again, the room murmured in agreement. Even Snotlout looked like he was agreeing to act friendly towards Hiccup. Astrid smirked inwardly, I wonder how long that'll last.

The assembly drew to a close, and the students were let out to go to their first lesson. There was an unusual silence around the school, most students considering the possibility that they had bullied someone who was being charged with trying to kill somebody. The staff seemed to be thinking along similar lines. Mr Roberts, Hiccup's history teacher, didn't believe a word of it.

The unusual quietness of the school continued throughout the rest of the day, the usual energetic aroma subsided for something a lot more emotional. Astrid, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, Snotlout and Fishlegs all sat around a table, in complete silence. It took nearly 15 minutes before anyone had the courage to speak.

'So...do you think he really did it?' Tuffnut asked, his voice much softer than one would expect.

There was a few seconds pause, before Astrid whispered, 'I was with Hiccup on the day, after school. He wouldn't have done it. He couldn't...he's Hiccup.'

'We'll know when...Snotlout's dad wakes up,' Fishlegs informed them.

Snotlout sniffed, it looked as though he were about to cry. 'That's if he DOES wake up. He could be dead now and I wouldn't know!'

Snotlout's loud outburst drew the attention of most people around them, but they quickly looked away when Astrid, Ruffnut and Tuffnut sent them glares.

Their focus eventually returned to Snotlout, who had tears slowly rolling down his face. They took him to the office after that, who let him return to the hospital. The rest of the day was spent thinking about what they had learned, meaning that they got practically no schoolwork done. At the end of the day, everyone seemed to go to their respective homes; breaking with their usual after-school tradition. It was weird, too weird.

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Hiccup was in his cell, waiting to be taken to the magistrates court,

reading his Charles Darwin book. The cell was reasonably cold, but he had enough clothes and blankets to stop him getting \_too\_ cold. He was being checked up on every half an hour, \_it feels more like a hospital than a police station\_, he thought.

About half an hour before Hiccup was due to stand in front of the magistrates, his cell door opened, revealing the bulky figure of Hiccup's favourite mentor. 'Gobber!' he yelled happily, closing his book and running over to him. Much to the police officer's surprise, Hiccup hugged the man tightly.

Gerald Belcher, more commonly known as Gobber, owned his own computer workshop, \_Absolutely Broken Computers\_, they dealt with people's PC computers and tried to repair them. Unlike most computer repair stores, Gobber's was just a workshop, with bits of RAM and CPU laying in rather random places in the room.

Gobber had taken Hiccup on as a young apprentice, a position he still held today. Hiccup thought Gobber knew everything there was to know about computers, but that wasn't why Hiccup had called him in. Gobber was, in almost every sense, Hiccup's best friend. He mentored him, usually looked after him, and was much more of a fatherly figure than Stoick.

Gobber chuckled, prying Hiccup away from him. 'Enough of that, ya' silly buffoon. I've got someone I'd like 'ya to meet.' Gobber stepped aside and pointed to a youngish, blond man wearing a simple suit. 'This is Theodore Johnson, ma' family's solicitor.'

Hiccup smiled, reaching forward to shake his hand. He could always rely on Gobber to do something like this. 'Hello Mr Johnson, I'm Hiccup.'

Theodore smiled, shaking Hiccup's hand firmly. 'Good morning Hiccup, please call me Thuggory, it's so much more eloquent.' He smirked, moving over to sit on Hiccup's sole chair. 'I specialise in bail cases, mostly. I've heard a lot about your particular case. Small little boy from Berkford, killing his innocent'

Gobber stepped in at this point. 'Enough, Thuggory. We don't need any rising tensions.'

Hiccup looked away, suddenly finding the floor very interesting. 'I didn't do itâ€|' he muttered, sighing deeply. 'I was asleep.'

Gobber put a friendly hand on his shoulder. 'I believe 'ya, Hiccup.' He gave a reassuring smile which made Hiccup remember why he had invited Gobber. 'We're not here to focus on that today, Hiccup. We're here to get you bailed so you can return to school.'

Hiccup scoffed. 'Like I'd be welcomed back there, anywayâ€|'

Thuggory whipped out a pen and paper. 'Okay, so...we're gonna need some ideas on why you're not a threat to society. We also need to work out what type of curfews you're willing to follow. Like be at your home at all times except school or when you're with Gobber, potentially a foster hoâ€|'

'No!' Hiccup snapped, 'I'm not going to a foster home!' He absolutely

refused to go one of those places, especially the ones in \_dirty  
Berkford\_. They were well known for their child abuse  
cases.

Thuggory sighed, rubbing his temples with his thumb. He glanced up at both Hiccup and Gobber, who was now looking sternly at him. He had told him Hiccup's reason for hating foster homes. 'I know, I'm sorry. Let's just work together now, okay?'

There was a slight pause, before Hiccup nodded.  
'Okay.'

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**\*\*So, Hiccup has been charged with murder, Stoick hates him, the school doesn't believe he did it " and now we have Gobber! (And Thuggory, but please don't expect him to be like himself in the book). I would also like to apologise if I keep leaving you guys on cliffhangers. It's very rude of me...\*\***

**\*\*In the next chapter " we'll find out if Hiccup gets bail or not. If you have any ideas as to what could be said, or if you have a general suggestion; I'm willing to consider new ideas.\*\***

**\*\*I hope you can find the time to review, even a small message is appreciated. It really helps to keep me motivated and to continue writing these chapters. Oh, and please do point out ant mistakes (that was deliberate). \*\***

-CGJ

## 7. Chapter 6

**\*\*Hey guys, me again! I do apologise if this chapter is slightly \_tedious\_ to begin with, it is a court proceeding after all. However, this is probably going to be one of the longest and most important chapters in the story.\*\***

\*\*In the last chapter we saw Stoick essentially disowning Hiccup, and Hiccup being charged with murder. Hiccup calls Gobber who brings up a not-like-the-book private solicitor, Thuggory. We also see that Snotlout has the emotional range of something beyond a teaspoon, with most of the school in disbelief. Spitelout is still in a coma at this point.\*\*

**\*\*A big shout out to EquinoxKnight01, Roamerfromaofw, Charles M Nevin, Francesva and blazelight790, who reviewed my last chapter. Thanks guys! I do try to respond to you, although sometimes I forget who I have and haven't (anonymous review responses are at the end) ;D. \*\***

**\*\*Note: \*\***This story is written in British English and is also set in the United Kingdom, which has both a very different education system, and a very different legal system to the United States. And, exclusively for Equinox, it's set in 1999! :D

**\*\*Rather amusing true story:\*\*** A lion is on the loose in Essex, which is only across the River Thames from where this story is set, in Kent (although there is technically a 13 year time-gap).

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Monday 13th September 1999

'Your Worships, the list in order of appearance, Lucy Netgil â€" seeking bail, George Tiptone â€" legal aid, Alisha Morgan â€" seeking bail, Henry Haddock â€" seeking bail, Francesca Liticon â€" legal aidâ€"'

his voice went on and on, reading out the list of cases that would be put forward to the magistrates court that day.

Gobber, sensing his apprehension, gave him a reassuring pat on the back. 'Don't worry about it, Hiccup. Just think of it this way, if you don't get bail, you won't have to see your father!'

'Don't be stupid,' Thuggory interjected quickly, stopping Hiccup's thoughts. 'There is nothing worse than being stuck in prison bloody three months awaiting trial. Plus, you still need to go to school. Much better to stay at schoolâ€"'' he ignored Hiccup's scoff, 'than to get educated in a prison cell.'

'Henry Haddock, please follow this gentleman to your seat,' he said in a monotone voice. The 'gentleman' he was referring to was a large bulky figure, with the word 'SECURITY' plastered over the front of his shirt. Hiccup followed him into the court, and then into the secure dock, which was like a glass and wooden cage. He motioned for Hiccup to sit, which he did so.

Thuggory was led into the court by the Usher, who pointed him to his seat and went to get the prosecution solicitor. The brief pause allowed Hiccup's eyes to wonder around the room. Ahead of him, but



slightly to his left, was where the prosecution and defence would sit. On the other side was the probation seats, which were empty. Most of the court, in fact, as empty. That is, if you ignored the public gallery to his left, which was packed full. \_Everyone\_ wanted to hear the bail application for the 'boy-that-killed-his-uncle'.

Also to his left, behind a shield of glass, Snotlout sat with his mother, Bertha, who was glaring at Hiccup angrily. What shocked him more was that \_Stoick\_ was there. His own father was sitting in the prosecution gallery. Hiccup's head dropped the face the floor, and he glanced to the other side of the lower public gallery. Sitting there was Gobber, who gave him a reassuring smile. Hiccup looked ahead, staring at the Royal Coat of Arms, which signifies the power of the Crown.

Eventually, the prosecution took its place, and the Usher announced clearly, 'All rise.' Everyone in the court stood, as the three magistrates, followed by the legal advisor, entered and took their respective places ahead of the Coat of Arms. The legal advisor took his own place in front of the magistrates. Once the magistrates had sat, the Usher motioned for everyone else to sit, too.

The Chief Magistrate, a woman with dark hair, almost vertical glasses and a bent nose, spoke, 'We are now hearing the application for bail for Master Henry Haddock. The defence, please present your case.'

Thuggory stood up, and cleared his throat. 'Your worships, since his arrest, my client has been fully cooperative with the police, doesn't have any prior offences or convictions, is pleading innocent, is under 16 and can easily be confined within certain rules. My client is willing to be restricted to living at his presented home address, and only allowed beyond that to work at his apprenticeship or to go to school. My client is also willing to ensure that he is escorted at all times when not at home or school. My client is willing to pay a surety of one thousand pounds, and offer a security of fifty-thousand pounds.'

Thuggory glanced at Hiccup, then looked back up to the magistrates. 'Your worships, my client is not a danger to the people around him, nor will his security be affected if he is released. My client is studying his GCSE's and he should be allowed to learn in his own school environment. In addition to this, he is already half way through most of his courses, and it would be highly inappropriate for him to have to change his learning environment with some exams only two months away. With regards to the potential problem of him encountering his cousin, Scott Jorgenson,' Snotlout perked up when he heard his name, 'We have been informed by the school that he is showing signs of regret and has informed us that he does not believe my client is guilty. I do not believe that my client is a threat to Master Jorgenson, nor do we believe Master Jorgenson is a threat to my client.'

Thuggory sat down and shuffled about his papers, he gave Hiccup a reassuring smile. Hiccup returned the smile, although his was a lot more nervous. Their attention was diverted by the prosecution, who's representative stood.

'Your worships, this child is very unpredictable. Most people would

recognise him as being sweet and innocent, but what is being proven is that he can turn nasty. Like he did with Jeremy Jorgenson, when he is believed to of stabbed him. In this case, it does not matter whether he has any prior convictions or not; this is a case of attempted murder, not shoplifting. In terms of his education, the same educational facilities can be made available at a Young Offenders Centre, meaning his education will not be affected. Security wise, we believe that being in close contact with Scott Jorgenson, or even his own father, could lead to problems. Your worships, we strongly recommend that he is not granted bail, under any conditions.'

The prosecutor sat down and looked up at the magistrates, who nodded to the Usher. The Usher asked that the defendant leave until the magistrates have made their decision. Hiccup nodded and was led out, only to return two minutes later, being informed that the magistrates had already made their decision. When Hiccup was escorted back in, Thuggory gave him a nervous look.

As Hiccup took his place, he stared up at the Chief Magistrate, who delivered their result. 'Master Henry Haddock, we have granted you bail.'

Hiccup let out a huge sigh of relief, wiping the sweat that had formed off his forehead.

'Under the following conditions: You are prohibited from going within 50 feet of the crime scene, you must be escorted to and from school and your apprenticeship with Gerald Butler, as well as at any other point you are outside either your home, workshop or school. Furthermore, you must attend all your lessons and registered after-school clubs, you must report to the police station every Saturday and abide by a curfew. You are only allowed outside of your home from 7 o'clock in the morning to 5 o'clock in the evening during the week, 9 o'clock in the morning to 3 o'clock in the afternoon on Saturdays and 12 o'clock in the afternoon to 5 o'clock in the evening on Sundays. You will not be required to pay a surety but you may have to pay a security if you fail to turn up to the police station. Do you accept these terms?'

Hiccup stood, and nodded. 'Yes, your worships.'

The magistrate nodded, and Hiccup breathed out another sigh. He turned to look at Thuggory, who was smiling proudly; Hiccup gave him a goofy grin. I'm free, he thought, Well...almost.

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Tuesday 15th September 1999

Hiccup rolled in his bed, snuggling into his pillow. He was reentering a pleasant dream when a loud shout was heard above him.

'Wakey-wakey!' Gobber yelled at the top of his lungs, tearing Hiccup away from his freedom.

'Five more minutesâ€¦' he mumbled, trying to shut him out.

'No time for that. It's your first day back at school!' Gobber smiled cheerfully, and began walking away. 'Now I'll go prepare some breakfast.'

Hiccup let out a deep sigh, opening his eyes to stare at the ceiling. 'Oh great...if school wasn't bad enough, now I've got to go as an attempted murdererâ€|' He thought about the arrangement that Stoick had made with Gobber, or more Gobber forced on Stoick. As their house was rather large, Gobber would sleep in the guest bedroom so that he could take care of Hiccup. \_Because apparently I'm too dangerous to be looked after by my own father\_, he thought bitterly.

Slowly, he stretched out, making silly little noises as he did so. He sat up, and slowly made his way downstairs. Everything after that went rather quickly. He had his breakfast, with Gobber claiming made a delicious bowl of Coco Pops from scratch; went upstairs, brushed his teeth, got dressed, all in the same pattern he was use to. It was all the same, his routine only differing slightly to what he use to do.

He couldn't help but chuckle slightly when he heard his father shouting at someone on the phone. Something about the 'Red Death' running the country. Of course, his father was referring to the Labour Party. Considering it was they who first brought the wolves in, and the fact that his father was a staunch Conservative, he really wasn't surprised. He thought that, when he returned to school, his life would all go back to normal. \_Except it wouldn't\_, he thought, \_I shouldn't even show my face\_.

When Hiccup finally arrived at school, he immediately realised he was right. He was taken to the school-gate by Gobber, before being let free to roam the school. It didn't take long for the name-calling to start.

'Murderer!'

'What did he ever do to you?'

'It's a shame you couldn't stab yourself!'

Hiccup moved through the crowds quicker, desperately trying to reach the other side of the school, where his first class would be. The taunting didn't stop, though, and it only seemed to get worse the closer he got to his class. The school's pips sounded, and gradually the crowd surrounding him began to clear.

Hiccup made his way through the dispersing crowd, only to come face-to-face with the one student he did \_not\_ want to interact with.

'Hello, Hiccup,' Snotlout snarled, his hands balling into tight fists, 'Or should I say...attempted murderer!'

Snotlout's loud shout made everyone stop and look at them, some quite fearful, others eagerly anticipating the very one-sided fight that was about to ensue.

'S..Sn...Snotlout...I didn't do it,' he whispered, his eyes wide with fear. He had \_never\_ seen Snotlout this angry before. Sure, he had seen him lose at something, and Snotlout hated losing, but this was

real. Snotlout was absolutely \_furious\_.

'Oh yeah? Then why do the police think you \_did\_?' His voice was now dripping with venom, and Hiccup took an involuntary step back. Snotlout stepped forward, Hiccup stepped back. They continued that routine until Hiccup's back was against the wall, with absolutely nowhere to go.

Snotlout raised his fist, ready to beat the living daylights out of him. 'This is for my father!' he barked, before his fist projected forward; only for it to be stopped by a much smaller, but a very firm, hand. Hiccup, who had began cowering against the wall, looked to see his saviour.

'Snotlout, stop,' Astrid ordered, pushing his fist back. 'Leave him alone. You know they haven't decided if he did it.'

'I didâ€"' Hiccup was about to interject, but with a flick of her hand, Astrid told him to be quiet.

'He tried to kill my dadâ€'|' Snotlout whispered, now staring sadly at the floor. 'Why would he do that? He never did anything to hurt him.'

'I didn't doâ€"' Hiccup was once again about to interrupt, but now a chorus of 'shut ups' made him do so again. Obviously Snotlout had already had one of these mental breakdowns, because it seemed as though his friends all knew what they were doing.

As a teacher approached, the crowd dispersed, leaving Hiccup to stand there on his own. He sighed, wiping the sweat off of his forehead, then made his way slowly to class; which they were all running late for anyway. As he made the final leg of his journey, he began thinking about the wolf. \_I had to of met himâ€|how else would I have got all that blood on my clothes?\_ Most of the day came and went, with Hiccup too caught up in his thoughts to pay attention.

It was just before lunchtime when Hiccup finally made his decision. He would try to visit the wolf...again. But he didn't want to kill it, he wanted to perhaps...reconcile? Capture it and prove that's where the blood came from? He really didn't know what he was going to do to the wolf, \_Maybe I could adopt it?\_ Hiccup mentally scoffed, \_Like a wolf would let you adopt it.\_

That lunchtime, Hiccup asked for a considerable amount of chicken at the school auditorium. When the dinner lady gave him a strange look, he replied by saying that it was the nerves. He sat in a far corner, his food concealed by a large pole that held the roof up, and began eating quietly.

As usual, he ate all his greens, all that stuff they tried to tell him was potato, but left quite a large portion of chicken on his plate. Hiccup glanced around the room, to ensure that he was not being watched. Satisfied, he got out a few tissues from his pocket, and wrapped them around the chicken. Glancing around again, he stuffed the chicken in his bag, and got up.

Astrid frowned, she had been sitting with Snotlout and the rest of the gang when she noticed Hiccup looking nervously around the room. She couldn't see what he was doing, but she noticed he stuffed

something into his bag. \_Does that kid have a death wish?\_ she thought, watching as he stood up and quickly made his way to the door, leaving his plate behind.

Hiccup walked as fast as he could towards the field that sat next to the school's forest. Luckily for him, the weather was warm enough for it to be open. He slipped passed the teachers, who probably wouldn't let him onto the field, and managed to distance himself enough from everyone else so that no one would notice him slip away.

Once he was just out of sight, he began running. He ran around the outer-edges of the forest, before finding a spot of blood on the ground. He smiled, then began following the blood tracks towards where he now \_knew\_ the wolf attacked him.

As he followed the blood-spilt path, Hiccup began reciting his journey home, how he stumbled into various trees and seemed to have absolutely no idea where he was going. It was still mostly a blur, but some points of his journey had become quite vivid.

Lost in thought, Hiccup hadn't realised he had arrived at his destined location. 'Wowâ€¦' he muttered quietly, 'A lot of bloodâ€¦' Hiccup stepped forward to inspect the blood further, but halted when he heard a growl form behind him.

Eyes widening, Hiccup turned to face the wolf. He took some time to stare at the creature in front of him, it looked absolutely stunning. \_How can anyone want to hurt this thing?\_ He stared deep into the wolf's unusual green eyes, those glowing orbs seemed to penetrate deep into Hiccup's soul. He was completely transfixed.

And then it was over.

The wolf turned away, trotting awkwardly back to the denser part of the forest. As he watched it leave, Hiccup noticed that the base of its had swollen dramatically. He stood there for a few more seconds, watching It leave, before speaking up.

'Wait!' It was more of a squeak than anything.

The wolf turned to look at Hiccup, and growled when he took off his backpack and opened it. With a surge of confidence, Hiccup pulled out the chicken, and threw his bag away from them.

The wolf stared at him quizzically, sniffing the air. Its ears perked when it smelt what was in Hiccup's hands. It watched as Hiccup slowly moved down to the ground, unwrapping the chicken and presenting it to the wolf in front of him. The wolf sniffed the air again, and slowly approached, but growled at Hiccup's hands.

Hiccup frowned, then realised that the wolf must've thought the tissue could hurt him. He smiled, and pulled the tissue away, letting it whisk away in the wind. He then crossed his legs, making him look harmless, \_Not that it's that hard\_, Hiccup thought.

Satisfied, the wolf approached Hiccup again, still incredibly cautious. Hiccup recalled that the animal looked a lot thinner than when he last met him. 'You must be starving...being out here with no food and a damaged tail must feel like you've become toothlessâ€¦' Hiccup yelped when the wolf bit the food out of his hand, and began

attacking it viciously. It looked as though it were going to finish it, but it picked up the last piece and deposited it in Hiccup's lap.

Hiccup stared at the piece of chicken for a few moments, before looking up at the wolf. He noticed that it had sat back on his haunches, and it was looking at Hiccup expectantly. He wasn't sure what to do, so he glanced at his surrounds. His head returned to the wolf's when he heard a snort.

The wolf pointed its head at the food, then back up at Hiccup.

Hiccup looked down, then back up. He let out an exasperated sigh, before slowly picking up the saliva-and-dirt-covered chicken and biting into it.

\_God it's horrible!\_ He presented the chicken to the wolf again, but the wolf made a swallowing motion. \_Oh no, he wants me to swallow!\_ He paused briefly, then swallowed the food. The wolf may as well have regurgitated it.

Hiccup placed the chicken on the ground, then reached up to pet the wolf. It snarled and ran off, jumping up on a rock and curling up. Hiccup smiled when he noticed the sheath near his tail. \_Okay, so it's male. More likely to kill me.\_ He stood, and slowly approached the wolf again. His head looked up, then went back into his stomach, growling irritably.

Hiccup continued his approach until the wolf looked back up at him. Quickly, Hiccup turned around and walked back to his bag, with a sly smirk forming on his face. As he checked his watch, the wolf trudged off to sit somewhere else. Hiccup noted he still had about twenty minutes until the end of lunch, giving him plenty of time to spend with his new...friend.

Although he wanted immediate contact, Hiccup decided that it would be best if he let the wolf trust his presence. He walked up to the now-unoccupied rock, and took out his notebook. For the next 10 minutes, he drew the wolf, who he had started calling Toothless. Before setting aside his notebook and picking up a stick. He leaned forward and pressed it to the ground, hoping to see if it would draw his attention.

As he drew the outlines of the wolf's face, he felt a presence behind him. He gulped, thinking that he had been caught by a teacher, until an animal-like snort was heard. \_Phew...it's only Toothless. Wait!\_ Hiccup turned his head, but noticed that Toothless was staring at the drawing on the ground. Hiccup suppressed a smile, and continued drawing him.

Toothless watched Hiccup draw for a bit, then it seemed an idea had struck him. He jumped off the rock and bit hard into a larger stick, tearing it from a tree. Hiccup watched curiously as Toothless put the stick to the ground, much like Hiccup himself had done, and began to scrap it, creating a line in the ground. \_Is he drawing?\_

Hiccup's curiosity intensified as Toothless spun around in many directions, creating circles and unrecognisable patterns in the ground. After circling Hiccup a few times, Toothless finally dropped

the stick, looking proud at his...\_drawing\_?

Hiccup jumped off the rock, then began to walk forward. On his third pace, he heard a low growl, which caused him to look down. His foot was touching one of the lines, so he lifted it. The growling stopped. Hiccup looked at the wolf as he slowly placed his foot back down on the line, which caused the growling to start again. He lifted his leg, and it stopped. He placed it on the line one last time, and Toothless let out a snarl. Quickly, Hiccup lifted his leg and placed it on the other side of the line, causing the Wolf to let out a sound of satisfaction.

Hiccup smiled briefly at Toothless, then began navigating his way through the maze of lines. Step after step his journey turned into a dance of curiosity. He crossed the final line, but paused. He felt the wolf's presence behind him. Slowly, fearfully, he turned around to see Toothless sitting back up on the rock, staring at him.

Hiccup stared at him for a few more seconds, his eyes widening in wonder as he reached forward. Toothless seemed to flinch away and growl, but Hiccup ignored him. His hand extended further, only to be met with a snarl. Hiccup's arm retracted, and he resigned himself to his fate. He looked away and closed his eyes. Taking a deep breath, his arm extended again towards the wolf.

There was a brief pause, \_Okay, he's gonna biteâ€\_ He sucked in another breath as he felt a wet nose press against his palm, already wincing from a nonexistent pain. But nothing happened, he felt no pain. His head turned in surprise, and his eyes widened at the sight before him.

Toothless' nose was pressed against his hand, his eyes closed.

Hiccup watched the wolf's eyes opened again, and slowly pull away from his hand. Toothless snorted, jumped off the rock and trotted away.

Hiccup stared after it, and remained standing there for another minute, contemplating what had just happened. He glanced down to his hand, still partially in shock. The moment wouldn't last, however, as he noticed the time.

'Shit!' he growled, turning and rushing to his bag. He zipped it up, and went off to his tutor period. Once again needing to slip past the teachers and avoid the crowd.

He made it there without much bother, but he couldn't take his mind off of what had happened. He would never forget this day.

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**\*\*Boom! And another chapter is complete. Over 4,455 words. That certainly has brought my average up.\*\***

**\*\*Anonymous review responses:\*\***

**\*\*Charles M Nevin:** **\*\*Thanks for your review. I had considered a situation like that, however, if Hiccup were to escape and run, he**

would be breaking the law. Hiccup actually being sent down is not something I want happening (which would undoubtedly happen in the event that he escapes from police custody). BUT, there may be a point in the future where something similar occurs. It just won't really involve the police.

**\*\*Notes and such:** \*\*Now I know Gobber is voiced by Craig Ferguson (David Tennant makes a much better Gobber :P), but I thought Gerald Butler's name suited him more. As you can probably tell, I used the 'Forbidden Friendship' scene here. But no matter how much I tried, I just didn't think I recreated the magicâ€¦and no innuendo was intended with Hiccup discovering Toothless' sex! Although, him smiling about it was a bit creepy.

**\*\*Note:\*\*** If you've been unable to read the writing on the cover image (by Francesva), it reads: 'Escaped Into Freedom â€" The Escaped Wolf'.

**\*\*I hope you can find the time to review, even a small message is appreciated. It really helps to keep me motivated and to continue writing these chapters. It'd also be nice if people, like the one above, offer suggestions for future chapters. I may not implement them, but I will certainly consider them. Oh, and please do point out any mistakes.\*\***

-CGJ

## 8. Chapter 7

**\*\*Yay! ANOTHER CHAPTER! This is another very important chapter, and you'll see why. Please remember that there is a bit of a time skip in this chapter, by approximately two weeks.\*\***

\*\*In the last chapter Hiccup is granted bail and returns to school. While at school, he is attacked by Snotlout, but sneaks off at lunch time to find Toothless. The 'Forbidden Friendship' scene takes place, and well...you know the rest.\*\*

**\*\*A big shout out to Anonymous Heavy on the Anon, EquinoxKnight01, Shadow-pen-artist, Roamerfromaofw, Tawny, Francesva and blazelight790, who reviewed my last chapter. Thanks guys! I do try to respond to you, although sometimes I forget who I have and haven't (anonymous review responses are at the end) :D. \*\***

**\*\*Note: \*\***This story is written in British English and is also set in the United Kingdom, which has both a very different education system, and a very different legal system to the United States.

**\*\*Disclaimer:** **\*\***'How To Train Your Dragon' is owned by Dreamworks Animation and Cressida Cowell. Kent is a real county, Berkford is not a real town. The cover art was generously made by Francesva.

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## The Escaped Wolf: Chapter 7

Tuesday 14th September 1999



\_The courtroom was quiet, everyone waiting with bated breath, unable to contain themselves at the prospect of me being sent down. Everyone hated me. My father, Gobber, people at school...\_

'\_Henry Haddock!' yelled the Judge, my father, who had now stood and was staring at me. The intensity in his eyes burned my core, and I felt humiliated. My own father was going to sentence me. 'I find you \_guilty\_, and I sentence you to life in prison: for trying to kill my brother.'\_

\_My eyes widened, and I sucked in a deep breath. It all felt too real. 'Dadâ€'"\_

'\_No, Henry. You're not my son. You're not my son,' he kept repeating the words as the police dragged me from the courtroom. I was going to prison. Sentenced by my own father, the man that loved me dearly until his wife died. 'You're not myâ€'"\_

Hiccup woke with a start, his hand reaching up to hold his chest. He was breathing heavily and was covered in thick perspiration. He wiped the sweat off his forehead, then turned to look out of the window. \_It's still dark,\_ he thought. He let his head fall back onto the pillow, and he sighed sadly. 'It's only a dream Hiccupâ€'|' he whispered, 'Your father isn't a judgeâ€'|'

Despite the reassurances he gave himself, he couldn't get back to sleep. He rubbed his forehead again, and decided to get up. He wasn't sure what he was going to do at \_5 in the morning\_, considering he wasn't allowed outside. \_I'll feed Toothless!\_ he thought, then remembered that he wasn't allowed out. \_But who's going to know?\_

Hiccup pondered long and hard, and before he knew it, he was marching towards the forest; a determined look plastered across his face. Not to mention a packet of ham he had crunched up and stuffed in his dressing gown pocket. He knew he was now breaking the terms of his bail, but it was \_5am\_, no one would ever know.

After stumbling over himself a few times, and narrowly avoiding a picnic with a tree-branch, he made it to where he met Toothless the day before.

'Toothless!' he called out, 'Oh, Toothless!'

Moments later, a black bundle of fur pounced on him, sending him backwards into the ground. Hiccup laughed, for the first time in many months, he genuinely laughed. He stroked the black head that was licking his face, then began to push him off. 'Alright bud...okay...I missed you too!'

Hiccup sat up, still beaming with joy at his friend. 'I've got some food for you, it's not muchâ€'|' Hiccup pulled out the ham from his pocket, opening the wrapper and presenting it to Toothless.

Toothless' largely enflamed tail wagged painfully, as he quickly swallowed the food that was presented to him. He let out a small whimper, licking Hiccup's face in appreciation. Hiccup grinned, rubbing the wolf's head. 'I'll bring you some more food

later...that's all I've got for now, okay boy?'

Toothless gave him a very un-wolf-like grin, matching Hiccup's own. He didn't mind.

Hiccup reached over, wrapping his arms around the wolf and snuggling into his neck. 'I have to go now...Toothless...but I'll be back later, okay?' He pulled back and looked at the wolf, who nodded. \_How smart is this guy?\_

Hiccup smiled and stood up, he scratched Toothless' head. He began walking, and Toothless followed him. Hiccup laughed, 'No! You have to stay here...I'll be backâ€' He looked sadly down at the wolf, scratching his head again. 'I'll see you lataâ€oh what the hellâ€'

A little over an hour later, a beaming Hiccup finally emerged from the forest. He had just had more fun today than ever before. Or at least, more fun than he could ever remember.

He glanced up at the sky, noting that it was now light. 'Oh crap...I better get back before anyone sees me,' he muttered, running back to his house. He managed to slip inside through the back, careful to avoid waking his father.

He plonked himself down the sofa, sighing quietly, before turning on the television. He grinned sheepishly at the film that was on, and more particularly, the song.

\_You've got a friend in me\_

\_You've got a friend in me\_

\_When the road looks rough ahead\_

And you're miles and miles

\_From your nice warm bed\_

\_Just remember what your old pal said\_

\_Boy, you've got a friend in me\_

Hiccup smiled, his thoughts switching to a particular black wolf.  
'Yeah...I  
do.'

â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"

Every morning, every break time, every lunch time and every evening Hiccup would escape to the forest with food. He would spend as long as possible, and he noted, with great satisfaction, that Toothless' shape was returning. His tail had also been healing well, thanks to the antibiotics he had managed to buy for 'a very large dog'.

Due to his father's huge wealth, Hiccup was able to buy large amounts of meat and deliver them to Toothless in the mornings and evenings, and would buy even more meat (albeit minimal and cooked) from school. Everything seemed to be falling into place perfectly. Thuggory had been visiting from his home in Wales, giving Hiccup updates on his

legal case. Oh, and there's schoolâ€|that's not going so well.

Sure, nothing much had changed, but now he was being shunned by everybody. Even some teachers had begun to avoid contact with him. It was as if he had been \_convicted\_ of murder. Even the dinner ladies stopped questioning him, and just gave him as much food as he wanted (good news for Toothless), scared that he would try to harm them. He was on grateful that nobody appeared to question is sudden disappearances at break and lunch times.

There was one girl, though, that had noticed his disappearances. Not that she was concerned, she just thought of it as being a bit weird. Okay, she had began to obsess over it.

Astrid Hofferson watched as Hiccup ate the vegetables and potatoes that were on his plate, before covering the meat with a tissue and stuffing it in his bag. She had watched him do it for precisely two weeks. 'Why is he doing thatâ€|' she whispered quietly. Frowning at the boy, who was now making his way out of the canteen.

With Snotlout visiting his father, the twins fighting and Fishlegs most likely doing homework, Astrid decided that she had nothing better to do than to follow him. She smirked, standing up and heading towards the exit.

One of the twins stopped fighting, 'Astrid, where are you going?' Tuffnut called.

Astrid frowned for a moment, then answered carefully, 'I need to see someone.' Without further do, the fight resumed, and Astrid resumed her quest.

She followed him outside, around the building, and towards an unlocked gate that led to the field. Unlike most other schools, Berk Academy thought it would be a good idea to leave gates unlocked, mainly so that teachers can go and have a cigarette at break time. Not that any of them went through the hassle of \_leaving\_ the school to do that.

She remained quiet, waiting some time before reopening the gate to follow Hiccup onto the school field. Her curiosity intensified when he quickly slipped behind the tree line. \_Why would he be going into the forest?\_ It was now she began to feel worried. \_What if he's just coming here to get away from everyone else?\_ Astrid shook the thoughts from her head. \_There has to be another reasonâ€|\_

She stayed low, almost crawling along the ground, following the sounds of Hiccup's footsteps. She thought she heard him paused every so often, searching for another person. After a few more seconds, she heard Hiccup laugh.

'Hey bud! I've got you some more food. It's chicken...your least favourite!'

Astrid frowned, hearing a light growl that seemed to respond to Hiccup's voice. \_What theâ€|?\_ Astrid raised her body slightly, peering over a bush.

\_Okay, so there's Hiccup. He's feeding aâ€|\_ She dropped down and held her breath. \_He was feeding the wolf?\_ Astrid's eyes had widened

and her breathing had become panicked. She had to tell the school, he was plotting to use the wolf against people. He was an attempted murderer!

She was about to get up and run, expose Hiccup for what he really was, a lying murderer. Someone out to kill more than just his uncle, and willing to use an innocent creature to it. Yet, that didn't sound like Hiccup, he just wasn't like that. Moments later, she heard something that startled her. \_Is Hiccup laughing?\_ She peered over the bush again, and her eyes confirmed what she had heard.

Hiccup's back was pressed against a tree, with Toothless on top of him, pinning him down while he licked his face. Hiccup looked like he was having the time of his life. He just looked so happy. In fact, they both looked positively delighted.

Astrid smiled, but faltered when she noticed the wolf's tail. She wondered how such a magnificent creature had gotten such an injury. Did Hiccup do it? she wondered, staring more intently at the wolf's tail. She could see dent marks, deep red rectangles that could only have ever come from a trap. She looked downwards, a feeling of guilt coming over her. Poor thingâ€¦

She continued to watch them for another 15 minutes, before deciding that she had seen enough. Hiccup and the wolf, who he appeared to call Toothless, were like best friends. No, they were best friends. She didn't have the heart to rat out his best friend. Especially after all that Hiccup had gone through (including stuff that she had let him go through), and all that he was going through now, she would have to confront him privately.

Astrid turned, and crawled away from the pair. That night, she laid in bed thinking about what she had seen that day. 'I'll speak to him tomorrow' she whispered to herself, hugging her pillow and slipping into a dreamy sleep.

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Wednesday 29th September 1999

Hiccup returned from feeding Toothless early the next day, not for any real reason other than he needed the loo. Although it probably would have been more hygienic to do it in the forest. The school's toilets were more like a bath of urine, toilet paper, crap and not surprisingly, blood.

Either way, he was bursting, and he didn't like the colder weather that late September had brought. He avoided the puddles of urine, and eventually just stood in the puddle that may have formed many days ago.

Astrid watched him from a distance. She saw him enter the toilet, it was about 8 o'clock in the morning, so no one else should be around. She smirked, taking out her hoody. She zipped it up and threw the hood over her head, before slipping outside of the library and into the nausea-inducing toilet.

Hiccup heard someone enter silently, and immediately began trying to pee faster. He even began to panic when the figure behind him just

stood there. Seven seconds later, he was finished. He was about to pull up his zip, when a female voice spoke.

'Hiccup,' Hiccup's face paled. It was Astrid.

He turned quickly, forgetting about everything else. He looked fearfully at her, and spoke nervously, 'Oh...hi...uh...Astrid...um...what are you doing here?'

Astrid threw back her hood to glare at him. 'I wanna know what's going on.' She began approaching him, and he took a step back. 'No one just takes pile of food from the canteen and leaves for the forest. Especially you. Start talking!' she demanded.

'I...uh...have no idea what you're talking about' Hiccup replied nervously.

Astrid gripped his shirt and pulls him close. 'You're playing a dangerous game, with that wolf. You know that?'

Hiccup sucked in a deep breath, and looked away. 'I don't know'

'I've seen you,' she interrupted harshly. 'Toothless, is it?'

Hiccup looked back at her, and nodded. 'He's my friend' he whispered quietly. 'He doesn't want to hurt anyone.'

Astrid let go of his shirt. 'I know he doesn't. But what about you? Do you want to hurt anyone?' she growled, getting right in his face. 'Like your uncle perhaps?'

Hiccup moved to the side, letting out a frustrated sigh. 'I didn't do anything to him!'

Astrid folded her arms and raised an inquisitive eyebrow. She didn't look so convinced. 'Then what about the blood, and CCTV? And the knife that they found?'

Hiccup sighed again, looking down at the floor. 'The blood...the blood was Toothless', he revealed. He looked back up at her. 'When I found him, one of the traps had snapped at his tail. After I released him, his tail sprayed out a lot of blood. The CCTV wasn't time-stamped, so they don't know exactly when I walked past. All I know is that when Spitelout was stabbed, I was in bed sleeping.'

Astrid's face had softened slightly. 'And what about the knife?'

Hiccup looked down at the pee-ridden floor again. 'I...I went out to the forest that day...to kill Toothless.' His eyes closed, he looked absolutely ashamed of himself. 'I thought that if I were to kill a wolf, maybe some people would respect me' He looked up at her. 'Please don't tell anyone about him! I can't lose the only friend I've got'

There was a tense silence, with Astrid staring intently at Hiccup's face, which was once again pointed towards the ground. After a good minute, Astrid finally broke the silence, 'I believe you.'

Hiccup's eyes widened, and his head snapped up to look at her.  
'You...what?'

Astrid smiled softly at him. 'I believe you, Hiccup. You and Toothless, I...I get it.'

Hiccup smiled sheepishly back, and blushed when Astrid hugged him comfortingly. She stood back and looked him up andâ€”\_oh dear.\_

Astrid's face went bright red, and she looked him in the eye. 'Hiccup...you...you'reâ€¦flying low.'

Hiccup frowned, looking down and gasping in surprise. 'Oh shitâ€|' he muttered, turning his back to her. He stuffed his rather hard friend back into his trousers, and zipped himself up. When he turned back, neither of them could look each other in the eye.

'I'll see you after school, to see Toothlessâ€¦' Astrid muttered. She gave him a slip of paper with a number on it, and pulled over her hood to make her way hastily out of the toilet. Hiccup stared after her, and waited a few minutes before he exited the revolting room, making his way to the library.

Neither of them made eye contact for the rest of the day, and Astrid didn't show up to meet Toothless that night either.

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**\*\*Anonymous review responses:\*\***

**\*\*Tawny:** **\*\*Thanks** a lot! And also thanks for pointing that out, I have edited it :D

\*\*Notes and such: \*\*Unfortunately, school is starting very soon. Which means there will be a much greater time distance between chapter updates. I have the story planned up to chapter 11, which will be the final chapter (an epilogue will follow, which will reveal the link to 1997 (the year of the prologue)). In fact, although I haven't written most of it, I have already written out the last few paragraphs of the prologue. I'm also beginning to plan a series of short canon fanfictions to go with this story (for release post-epilogue, but set pre-epilogue). If there are any sticky situations you'd like to see these characters get involved in, then please do say.

**\*\*I hope you can find the time to review, even a small message is appreciated. It really helps to keep me motivated. Mistakes, no matter how small, are also (honestly, I wrote most of this when I was tired, so please correct anything you see). Ideas are also helpful â€" I may not implement them, but I will certainly consider them.\*\***

-CGJ

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**So...this is more of a filler chapter. However, it is still very
important (the ending especially). Next chapter will be the _awesome_
chapter.**
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**\*\*In the last chapter Hiccup is granted bail and returns to school. While at school, he is attacked by Snotlout, but sneaks off at lunch time to find Toothless. The 'Forbidden Friendship' scene takes place, and well...you know the rest.\*\***

**\*\*A big shout out to Anonymous Heavy on the Anon, EquinoxKnight01, Shadow-pen-artist, Roamerfromaofw, Tawny, Francesva and blazelight790, who reviewed my last chapter. Thanks guys! I do try to respond to you, although sometimes I forget who I have and haven't (anonymous review responses are at the end) :D. \*\***

**\*\*Note: \*\***This story is written in British English and is also set in the United Kingdom, which has both a very different education system, and a very different legal system to the United States.

**\*\*Disclaimer:** **\*\***'How To Train Your Dragon' is owned by Dreamworks Animation and Cressida Cowell. Kent is a real county, Berkford is not a real town. The cover art was generously made by Francesva.

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## The Escaped Wolf: Chapter 8

Thursday 30 September 1999

Hiccup pushed his front door open angrily, slamming it closed behind him. He marched into the living room and sat down with a thump. He scowled at the blank television, folding his arms. 'Damned Astrid,' he muttered.

After the \_incident\_ in the toilet earlier in the day, Astrid failed to make her expected appearance in the forest. Instead it seemed she had decided to go home with Snotlout instead. \_Why would she even doâ€“\_ His thoughts where interrupted when something crashed into his front door.

'What theâ€¦?'

Hiccup frowned, and cautiously made his way over to the front. He opened the door slowly, and jumped back when Astrid charged into his house.

'Ohâ€¦uh...hi...Astrid...umâ€¦"' The door slammed closed.

Astrid let out a huge sigh of relief, and leaned against the front door. 'Phew...Snotlout would never look here.'

Hiccup cocked his head, 'You're running from Snotlout?'

She glared, and Hiccup averted his eyes towards the floor.

Astrid continued glaring at him for a few more seconds, before curiously gazing across the features of Hiccup's hallway. 'Nice place. Can I stay for a bit?' she asked, not really waiting for Hiccup to respond before entering his living room. \_Like Hiccup would say no.\_

Hiccup followed her, still rather cautious about Astrid being in his house. After awhile, he finally plucked up the courage to ask her, 'Do you want a drink?'

She turned to him, and nodded. 'Water...please.' \_Did I just say, 'please'?\_ she asked herself.

Hiccup nodded, and walked into the kitchen. He came back, with a glass of tap water, and smiled at her. Astrid had already made herself comfortable on the sofa, almost slouching all over it. She reached up and took the water from him, and asked, 'What time is it?'

He frowned, and glanced down to his watch. 'About 6, why?'

'Can you turn the news on?' she asked, pointing her head towards the telly.

'Yes, your highness,' Hiccup mumbled, reaching over and pressing the thick on-button. BBC News was already on, but the headline the news reporter was reading out made their mouths drop.

\_The search for the missing wolf from Berkford is being intensified, hundreds of extra police, volunteers and zoo staff are being called in to search the Berkford area once again. The wolf was reported to be seen near the Berkford Academy, but no traces of the wolf have yet to be found.\_

Hiccup turned and glared at Astrid. 'You promised me you wouldn'tâ€'

'â€"I didn't!' Astrid insisted.

'Then howâ€'

'â€"I don't know!' Astrid slammed the glass on the table, luckily not breaking it, and moved over to sit in front of him. 'We need to move him.'

'But Astrid we can't! Where are we going to move himâ€"wait a second...are you any good at gardening?'

Astrid raised an inquisitive eyebrow. 'Yes, why?'

Hiccup stood, he had a weird grin on his face, which Astrid wasn't sure whether she liked. 'My mum used to own a large dog when she was younger. The dog used to have a kennel at the back of the garden! We could use that to hide Toothless in!'

Astrid frowned, 'But wouldn't your dad see him?'

Hiccup let out a cute little giggle. \_Wait, I didn't just think of Hiccup as cute, right?\_ Astrid eyes darted towards the back door, and then back to the child she did \_not\_ just call \_cute\_.

'No, because it's hidden behind the shed! It took dad nearly two years to realise she had it! All we need to do is clear the gardenâ€'| Hiccup stared out of the window, it was going to take a \_long\_ time.



And it did.

In fact, by the time they had finished, it was already 10 o'clock. Hiccup and Astrid fell back into his sofa, both of them incredibly tired. Astrid smiled and turned to him. 'It looked amazing. I'm sure Toothless will like it.'

'I bet he'd like you,' Hiccup replied, causing Astrid to look away nervously. 'What's...what's wrong with that?'

Astrid twiddled her thumbs and looked down. 'I don't want to meet himâ€¦'

Hiccup's eyes widened. 'Why not?'

There was a slight pause, before she spoke again, 'I'm...kinda scared?' She wasn't sure of herself, was she scared? Or was she just nervous?

Hiccup scoffed, making Astrid glare. 'You're not scared. You're just nervous. Come on, let's go see him now!' He stood up, only to have Astrid grip his arm.

'No&#226; she mumbled. 'We'll do it tonight, when we can move him here, okay?'

Hiccup thought for a moment, before looking at her and nodding.  
'Fine. Meet me at the school gates at 11? And wear dark clothes...or somethingâ€|'

Astrid giggled at him, making Hiccup blush and look away. She stood up and patted his shoulder. 'I'll see you then.' She left without another word being spoken.

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That night, Hiccup crept downstairs, careful not to wake his father. Stoick had come home after a long day of work, and had, unfortunately, fallen asleep on the sofa. Which made their situation a lot more difficult.

On any other occasion, this would be fine. Only problem was that the back gate was locked. And boy, it really did make a noise if you tried to unlock it. Hiccup had realised that the only way to get Toothless outside was to take him through the house. Which made Stoick sitting in the living room a bit of a problem.

Nevertheless, Hiccup was determined. He had to do this. Nothing would get in his way.

He grabbed his shoes from beside the sofa, and tiptoed to the door. Before he stepped out, he grabbed his coat and keys, and made sure his father hadn't set the alarm. He opened the door slowly, and slid out. He looked left and right, like he was about to cross the road, to check the coast was clear. Seeing that it was, he made his way to the forest.

Less than 15 minutes later, Hiccup and Toothless were at their spot. The 'cove' as Hiccup had begun to call it, waiting for Astrid to arrive. It was a long wait, as expected. Especially since Hiccup had arrived earlier than planned. He wasn't usually this punctual, but this was Astrid he was dealing with.

Sure enough, Astrid arrived right on time. She pushed passed tree after tree, the occasional branch slapping her in the face. She let out a feral growl, searching, in the dark, for the boy and his wolf. She pressed forwards, determined not to let her complete lack of knowledge on the forest area hinder her efforts. Her eyes squinted and she began to run, panicking at the thought of being lost in an area with a wild (although tamed) wolf running around. Just as the worry began to set in her, she stumbled out into the clearing, releasing a huge sigh of relief.

And then she was on the floor.

Her eyes widened and she froze, staring up at the magnificent beast before her. Well, on top of her. The creature had managed to pounce on her, and bring her down, in almost a split second. Not even she could stop that. She continued to stare at the animal, its eyes were slitted and his teeth bared, almost daring her to make the slightest move.

Hiccup let out a gasp as Toothless bolted from beside him. He turned to see Astrid had arrived, and that Toothless wasn't happy to see her. 'Toothless!' he called out, scrambling to his feet. He stepped forward to run, but managed to get his legs tangled in some undergrowth. His face hit the floor, and he let out a pained cry.

Toothless snarled at the human girl in front of him. She had no weapons on her, but his male human had indicated that something was looking for him. And that something wanted to take him back to that prison. A bit of saliva pooled along his bottom lip, and slowly fell onto her chin. He opened his maw, but turned when he heard his friend's cry.

Astrid tried to shrink into the ground, her eyes bulging at the sight of his saliva splashing against her shin. She let out a scared whimper, and heard Hiccup's voice. She smiled, Hiccup would save her. Her eyes fluttered closed, and she passed out underneath the wolf. The last thing she remembered was a heavy weight being lifted from her shoulders. Quite literally.

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\_I was in a trance. My eyes were tightly sealed as I heard a boy talking to his associate. He was blaming him for some form of attack, or something. I didn't really care. The stars looked pretty. Not that I was looking at any stars, I was staring at my eyelids. All the dancing colours, they're so fascinating. As is that voice. Who's voice was that? It sounded soft...but insecure. Like a panicked child. I just wanted to snuggle whoever it was coming...wait...that sounds likeâ€œ"

'Hiccup!' Hiccup and Toothless jumped backwards as Astrid bolted upright, panting heavily.

'Wow, Astrid, are you okay?' Hiccup asked worriedly, gulping loudly when she glared at him.

'Do I look okay?' she snapped, 'I was unconscious!'

Toothless snorted, which made Astrid flinch. 'Get him away from me!' she said in a hushed tone, 'I don't like him being so close!' She put her hands up to block him, but Toothless had already managed to lick her face.

Hiccup laughed quietly, pushing his canine friend off of his human one. 'Hey, cut it out, you're grossing her out.' Toothless looked at him with a blank expression, before sitting down and staring inquisitively at Astrid.

Astrid still looked afraid, but with a little encouragement from the boy next to her, she slowly extended her hand towards the wolf. She avoided either of the boys' gaze, but looked up when she felt a cold nose press against her palm. She smiled, and turned to face Hiccup.

'So what games do you guys play?' Astrid asked with a grin, one which Hiccup mirrored and Toothless seemed to mock.

'Well...' he began.

For the next hour or so, Astrid, Hiccup and Toothless played a series of games. Varying from tag to play-wrestling (giving Hiccup the opportunity to touch certain places of Astrid's anatomy). It felt like their utopia would never end, that they would play like this for the rest of their lives and nothing would ever stop that.

Except, perhaps, for a voice shouting, 'I hear something!' less than 30 metres away.

The two teenagers exchanged worried looks, before quietly ushering Toothless away from where the voice had sounded. The two decided to split up: One would lead Toothless towards Hiccup's house, while the other would tag behind Toothless. This meant that if one of them were to be caught, the other could still take Toothless to Hiccup's.

Much to his annoyance, Hiccup discovered that he was the one tagging behind. Obviously Astrid realised he was the clumsy one most likely to get caught. Hiccup pouted as he followed the other two through the forest. As they neared the road, Astrid and Toothless broke into a run. Hiccup was about to run after them, but felt a large hand clasp his shoulder.

He gasped and turned, quite a large burly man stood before him. It was Ashley Thorston, father of the annoying twins. The man had large blue eyes and dirty-blond hair, much like his children, and had stubble covering most of his chin. He wore a thick faux coat, with a 'Find the wolf!' badge placed the wrong-side up, near where his heart would be.

Ashley, better known as Tuffnut Senior to people at school, spoke in a harsh tone. 'What are you doing out here?'

Hiccup nervously glanced in the direction of Astrid and Toothless,

but didn't utter a word.

'I see...you were having some fun with that girl, weren't you?'

Hiccup stared up at him in shock, and blushed slightly. He realised he may as well go along with what he was saying, so that Tuffnut Sr wouldn't get suspicious.

'I know what it's like, Hiccup. But could you have not waited for your not guilty verdict?'

Hiccup stared at up at him, confused, before he finally asked, 'How do you know it's going to be a not guilty verdict?'

The man smiled, patting his shoulder. 'Spitelout woke up an hour ago, from what the nurse said, it looks like he saw the figures of those who stabbed him. But he isn't quite sure.'

Hiccup frowned, 'So then I could still go down?'

Tuffnut Sr chuckled and shook his head. 'No, he's a loyal man, Spitelout. He wouldn't let his own family go to prison for something he's not sure they've done. He will testify in favour of you, kid. Count yourself lucky.'

Hiccup nodded, and lowered his gaze to the ground. Did Spitelout really consider him \_family\_? Related, yes. But family? He smiled, and looked up at him. 'Thanks, Sir.'

The man nodded curtly, before patting him on the pack a final time. 'You need to get back before anyone sees and reports you, but make sure you give your bird a kiss goodnight.'

Hiccup blushed again, and quickly scurried off. He moved as fast as he could to his house, where he knew Toothless and Astrid would be waiting for him. \_I wonder if he knew it was Astrid, or just thought it was some random girl,\_ he thought quickly, as the two of them came into view.

Hiccup quietly opened his front gate, before approaching the door. He turned to Astrid, 'We have to be silent...okay?' She nodded.

The door slipped open, and the three of them crept inside. Astrid closed the door with care, making sure it didn't slam. The hallway and living room were dark, and the only sounds were their breathing, and Stoick's snoring. Astrid smirked, she wondered if Hiccup snored like that.

Hiccup led them into the living room, and they tiptoed passed his father. For a moment, it looked like Toothless was going to pounce on the man and lick him, but the two teenagers quickly dissuaded him from doing so. They crept into the dining room, then into the kitchen, before they finally made it to the back door.

Hiccup pulled it open, and allowed Astrid and Toothless into the garden. Quickly, she nudged him along to his dog house, before running back towards the house.

Just before she got to the door, it slammed closed. She frowned,

until she heard Hiccup speak.

'Oh, I just went out for some fresh air' he replied nervously to his father. She heard a grunting sound, before the door opened again.

She stepped backwards, thinking Stoick was about to walk outside, but it was only Hiccup.

'Climb over the back,' he whispered. 'We can't get passed him.'

Astrid nodded. She was about to run off when Hiccup grabbed her arm. 'Oh, and by the way, Spitelout woke up...and he's going to testify for me.'

Astrid's face seemed to light up, she leant forward and kissed his cheek. 'That's great!' she whispered ecstatically, looking genuinely delighted, before turning and bounding off to the back of the garden.

Leaving Hiccup in a rather...blissful state.

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**\*\*Anonymous review responses:\*\***

**\*\*Tawny:** **\*\*Thanks** a lot! And also thanks for pointing that out, I have edited it :D

**\*\*Notes and such: \*\***As I've said, I'm doing my A Levels now, so that means less time for the story! I didn't really like this chapter much, even though the ending was important, it won't be an overly crucial moment. However, the next chapter will be the chapter of all chapters. At least I hope so, anyway...

\*\*I hope you can find the time to review, even a small message is appreciated. It really helps to keep me motivated. Mistakes, pray tell. Missed/wrongly used apostrophes? Used the wrong homophone? Spelt something wrong? A sentence doesn't make sense? You know I like it when you guys tell me. \*\*

-CGJ

## 10. Chapter 9

**\*\*So...this is \*\*\_\*\*the\*\*\_\*\* chapter. I am so sorry it took so long...but hopefully that doesn't matter. I've taken a slightly different approach with this chapter. It will reflect Hiccup's memories in diary-like form and the scene WILL switch between memory and current events. This chapter is dedicated to the people who died in the 1991 and 1999 M4 crashes.\*\***

\*\*In the last chapter, Hiccup and Astrid learn that the search for the missing wolf has been stepped up. The two of them cleared up his garden to reveal his mother's old dog house. Astrid reveals she's nervous about meeting the wolf, but Hiccup convinces her to do it anyway. Hiccup, Astrid and Toothless play for an hour before they

take him home. Ashley (Tuffnut Senior) Thorston reveals to Hiccup that Spitelout will testify in his favour.\*\*

**\*\*A big shout out to Anonymous Heavy on the Anon, EquinoxKnight01, Shadow-pen-artist, Roamerfromaofw, Tawny, Francesva and blazelight790, who reviewed my last chapter. Thanks guys! I do try to respond to you, although sometimes I forget who I have and haven't (anonymous review responses are at the end) :D. \*\***

**\*\*Note: \*\***This story is written in British English and is also set in the United Kingdom, which has both a very different education system, and a very different legal system to the United States. **\*\***The events in this chapter are loosely based on a true story **\*\***(I'll explain at the end).

**\*\*Disclaimer:** **\*\***'How To Train Your Dragon' is owned by Dreamworks Animation and Cressida Cowell. Kent is a real county, Berkford is not a real town. The cover art was generously made by Francesva. I do not accept responsibilities for any misinformation provided in this chapter.

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## The Escaped Wolf: Chapter 9

Monday 1 November 1999 (Italicised text: Wednesday 13 March 1991, 6-year old Hiccup)

Tuffnut Sr sat in his chair alongside the unconscious form of his best friend, Spitelout. He had spent countless hours sitting alongside him, but none had been more nerve-wrecking since Hiccup left for Wales a week ago.

In the immediate days following Spitelout waking up, a four-day power cut soon led to him falling back into his coma, much to his family's despair. To add to their misfortune, Spitelout hadn't given his statement to the police (or anyone else in the family), meaning that Hiccup was still not in the clear " which explains why the final week before the trial was the worst.

'Come on 'Lout, wake upâ€¦' he made an almost whimper-like sound, resting his hands on the arm rests. The sound of the heart monitor filled the room, a deafening silence leaving it empty in between. He was stable, he was alive, but only just.

On the other side of Berkford, Astrid and Hiccup's relationship had improved greatly. After meeting Toothless and helping Hiccup hide him from both Stoick and the police, she had struck a deal with their teachers so that any paired or group assignments would be completed by them together. Also, as Hiccup couldn't realistically show his face in school, especially after the near hate campaign launched by Snotlout, she made sure it would be her who delivered them. This meant that she was visiting them almost daily, not that Hiccup wasn't complaining.

This allowed her to visit Toothless, and Hiccup, more often, which in turn let them improve the dog kennel. They completely fixed it, replacing any broken or damaged parts and replacing the flooring. They gave him a water bowl and a second bowl for his dog food, which they took turns in buying; Hiccup could've sworn he had seen human

food in there too. But none of this seemed to help, Hiccup had become more and more apprehensive, and even passed out once. It was in the build up to what he called 'Bloody Tuesday' â€" the day he would learn the course of his fate.

Today was 1 November, the day before the trial.

Hiccup, Gobber, Astrid and Thuggory were in Gobber's mobile home, an incredibly large vehicle capable of housing over half a dozen guests â€" and a wolf, perhaps. It had been Astrid's idea to bring Toothless along. Hiccup, of course, agreed; yet he was worried about how they would fit a fully-grown wolf into a mobile home without either Gobber or Thuggory noticing.

This was when legal confidentiality came in handy. Using Astrid's landline, Hiccup explained everything to Thuggory before they left for Wales, and now on their way back to London, it seemed like everything was going great. The three of them had managed to hide Toothless throughout his duration in Wales, then for the first leg of their journey home. It was about 8pm and they had been travelling for an hour. The road had cleared from the previous rush hour, it was mostly quiet; unusual for the M4.

\_I'm sitting in the backseat of mummy's car. It's cool here. I get to play with my GameBoy which daddy bought me. It's great, he calls it eight-bid or something, but I don't care...it's awesome! So we're going back home now, that's all I know really. I didn't really want to...I was having so much fun in Wales! Mummy and daddy showed me where all the dragons slept and warned me not to go near them. That made me sad. I wanted to see the dragons. I wish I had a dragon...or a puppy.\_

'Pfft, lovebirds,' Gobber sniggered, glancing backward towards the two teenagers, who had disappeared behind a curtain near the back.

'Yup,' Thuggory agreed, 'Shame you never got any o' that.'

Gobber growled in protest, 'I did too! The ladies were all over me...I mean, who could resist this?' he stuck out his prosthetic arm for emphasis. 'Told 'em I was in the bomb disposal unit.'

It was Thuggory's turn to snigger, 'Like anyone would believe a fat lump like you.'

The mobile home swerved slightly, as Gobber moved his arm over to whack him. 'I'll have you know, I was quite skinny back in the day.'

Thuggory undid his seat belt, then stood up. Once he was safely out of Gobber's reach, he turned and smirked, 'Back in Victoria's Reign.'

Gobber rolled his eyes, then focused them back on the road. Travelling at 80mph while in a mobile home isn't the easiest task in the world, thankfully he had been doing it for years.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the vehicle, Thuggory sat himself partially in Gobber's sight, while making sure his upper body wasn't. 'So kiddies, how's Toothfull?' he chuckled at his own joke.

Hiccup deadpanned him, his legs resting under one of the vehicle's not-so-comfortable sofas. His hand was gently resting on Toothless' back, while Astrid cooed at the wolf who she had begun calling 'my cute ickle puppy!'

The vehicle swerved again and Thuggory gripped onto the side of the sofa. 'Gobber! Slow down now!'

Gobber laughed at him, 'Slow down? I'm only going 100!'

Both Astrid and Hiccup glanced at each other, worried looks plastered upon both of their faces. Astrid moved her legs out from under the sofa and went to confront Gobber. Hiccup was about to join her, but a concerned whimper from Toothless stopped him. 'It's okay, bud. Gobber's just being stupid.' He lolled his head back, memories replaying in his head.

\_Mummy's car moved quickly from one side to another...it scared me. Mummy started shouting at Daddy, I don't like it when that happens. Something is wrong. Why did Daddy do that? He's never done that beforeâ€¦ I look outside â€" I can't see much...Mummy says it's called bog...or fog...makes it harder to see.\_

Gobber chuckled, slowing down to a more reasonable pace of 60mph, much to the relief of the three other humans. He also moved into the slow lane, where he should have legally been anyway â€" allowing Astrid to take Thuggory's place on the sofa.

'Remember Gobber, it's much easier attending court alive â€" it's crucial, in fact.' He sat back down in the front seat, buckling his seatbelt. 'How you got a driver's license I'll never know.'

'He stole it!' Hiccup shouted from the back, making the two men laugh. Gobber looked up at his mirror, then stole a quick glance behind him. \_Was that a tail?\_ He glanced back again, frowning.

'Gobber look out!' Thuggory yelled, firmly grabbing the older man's concentration.

'\_Stoick look out!' Mummy yelled. I looked up in fear, I've never heard Mummy shout like that before. The last thing I saw was her bright green eyes, wide with fear. A bright orange light surrounded us, then I shot forward and cried out my mummy's name. The bright light made me close my eyes. \_

A large orange lorry swerved uncontrollably from the fast lane, pushing itself through two adjacent cars. The tail of the lorry skid its way into another lorry, just 40 feet in front of Gobber's mobile home. There was a bang...and everything slowed. The two monstrous vehicles emitted a bright yellow glow, nearly blinding the driver behind them.

Gobber shot his foot down on the brakes, then hard turned right into the fencing. The mobile home overturned, the roof ramming into the burning mass of metal, petrol and rubber.

Astrid gasped, staring downward towards the second sofa, which had now become the floor. She vision was blurred, her hearing muted, she



was dazed.

'\_Astrid.'\_

She thought she heard a sound coming from below her, but it felt so unrealistic. She was in a bad dream. All she had to do was close her eyes andâ€|

'Astrid!' She jumped out of her days, her eyes widening in panic. She felt a pair of hands push her upwards towards the seat, then pull her back down again, into Gobber's chest. Before she knew it, she was laying against the tarmac surface of the road. Completely and utterly powerless. She tilted her head, her vision going hazy again as a second explosion erupted from the overturned vehicles.

Hiccup seemed to wake with a start, the fire blinding him temporarily, he reached upwards to try and free his leg when the most excruciating pain flared throughout his body. His mind froze and his arms locked onto his damaged limb, before he let out a scream of pure pain. He couldn't take it. He was going to die.

\_I can't move. Daddy is screaming, Mummy is silentâ€|I don't know why. Nothing was wrong a second ago. My head hurtsâ€|my arms hurt...my whole body feels like it's on fireâ€|I can't take it anymore. I cry for Mummy, she doesn't answer. The door opens and Daddy grabs me, taking me away from the car. I look back and call for Mummy again. She doesn't answer. I clung to Daddy's shoulders and cried when he left me to go back to the car. Another car comes near us...and I hear Daddy scream Mummy's name.\_

A wet tongue ran itself along Astrid's face, her sensory memory seeming to ignore smell of canine saliva. She touched the wolf worriedly, giving him a stroke, before a heart-shattering and earsplitting scream sounded from Gobber's mobile home.

It took her a few seconds before her eyes widened in realisation. 'Hiccup!' She bolted upwards, her legs carrying her towards his cries. She felt the adrenaline course through her body, firing up every muscle to its fullest. Her target in sight, dangling backwards with his left leg trapped under the vehicles sofa, she jumped forward.

Only to find herself colliding with Gobber's chest once again. She bounced backwards, landing harshly on her backside. Another loud bang, and her view of Hiccup is blocked by a sea of fire. Her vision become blurry again, forcing her eyelids closed.

Gobber gently placed Astrid's unconscious form back on the tarmac, before turning to face his mobile home. 'Oh noâ€|' he whispered, seeing the dark form of a wolf â€" the escaped wolf, jumping into the flaming wreck. 'What's heâ€|?' Gobber span around as the first blue lights began to appear. He stared at a police officer, who was running towards them, and pointed to the vehicle.

\_I watched as Daddy ran awayâ€|disappearing into the evil cloud. I wanted to be with him...I wanted to help Mummy...but I can't. A bright light shines in my eyes. So I covered them. I heard a loud screech and felt myself being pushed over. It was another car. I cried.\_

Astrid's eyes opened slowly, and she sat up. She rubbed her head a bit, it was throbbing quite badly. Her scan of the area revealed Gobber and a police officer standing in silence, concerned looks painted across their features. Her eyes followed their gaze and she gasped. \_Hiccup! He's still in there!\_

She tried standing, but only managed to fall over. Rubbing her sore backside, she tried getting up again. No success. She sighed in defeat, Hiccup was gone...there's nothing she could do to stopâ€"another scream from inside. 'He's still aliveâ€'|' She tried standing again, this time managing to balance herself. She began to approach the fiery red death, but something made her stop. 'Is that...Toothless?'

A small black figure, led by a tail, appeared from within the furnace, dragging along a body behind it like it was a piece of meat. It was hard to see through the flames, but the body was clearly burned, not completely, and his leg—Astrid gasped, and screamed out the name of the boy the wolf was dragging by his leg, 'Hiccup!'

Another explosion, and Astrid was knocked off her feat. She hit the floor, her world falling into darkness a second time.

\_I didn't stop crying. A weird big woman came up to me and picked me up. She took me away from the danger, away from the red wall of death. I cried out for my Daddy. I cried out for my Mummy...\_

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**\*\*So...yeah. That was...\*\*\_\*\*it\*\*\_\*\*. Did I over do it?\*\***

**\*\*Notes and such:\*\*** Okay, so there are three real events in this story. The first is the four-day power cut that did actually happen in Kent (during Summer 2009), the second is a huge car crash that happened on 2 November 1999 on the M4 motorway (in Berkshire, a real place), luckily no mobile homes were involved...the third is a similar (a much greater one), also in the Berkshire section of the M4 in 1991, and yes, there was really a man who got out of his car and ran to tell other cars to stop (although he was mostly ignored). Luckily, he didn't have a child with him.

Also, I have NEWS! I can announce today that I will release a second fic (not a sequel) titled 'Oneshots that Escaped the Wolf' (or something stupid like that), which will feature a series of one shots based around this story. Should come out once this story has been finished.

\*\*I hope you can find the time to review, even a small message is appreciated. It really helps to keep me motivated. Mistakes, pray tell. Missed/wrongly used apostrophes? Used the wrong homophone? Spelt something wrong? A sentence doesn't make sense? You know I like it when you guys tell me. \*\*

-CGJ

End  
file.